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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics. **T**HE political news of the end of last week was more interesting than had been the case for some time past. A letter from Lord ROSEBERY to the British East Africa Company, on the subject of Uganda, announced the result of two days' Cabinet Councilling, and bore very evident marks of a compromise. The Government accepted the "principle" of evacuation, but offered to pay for its postponement till next March, and reserved liberty of action thereafter, though granting the subsidy only for the better carrying out of the evacuation itself. In other words, this is a respite in terms arranged so as not too much to shock the party of scuttle in the Cabinet and out of it—and so far so good. The subject, among other things, afforded Gladstonians an opportunity of turning their eyes away from the polling in Bedfordshire, where, though they just managed to retain the seat, the figures were even more disagreeable than in Leeds. For whereas, using round numbers, Mr. FLOWER won by 2,000 in 1885, and by 1,000 in the summer of this year, Mr. WHITBREAD could not muster more than 242—scarcely more than a third of what his predecessor had won by, against the fullest tide of anti-Home Rule feeling, in 1886. Some representatives of the Colonies waited on Lord RIPON to congratulate him on his succession at the Colonial Office.

On Saturday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN appeared in the audacious capacity of a recreant to riding, walking, tennis, cricket, football, golf, and all kind of exercise at the Athletic meeting of the not unfamous Birchfield Harriers' Club, and defended his *fainéantise* very amusingly.—Next day Mr. O'BRIEN tried to be sweetly reasonable on the subject of landlords and tenants in Ireland, contrasting the conduct of Colonel TOTTENHAM with that of "the SMITH BARRYS and "CLANRICARDES." We shall only observe to that, to couple Mr. SMITH BARRY and Lord CLANRICARDE together puts any man who does it out of court when the court is composed of persons who know; and that, if (which we do not at the moment know or assert) Colonel TOTTENHAM has given his tenantry more favourable terms than Mr. SMITH BARRY, this does not in the least prove that Mr. SMITH BARRY has acted wrongly.

Electioneering at the beginning of this week had concentrated itself on the Cirencester division, where the Gladstonians, alarmed probably by the figures in Bedfordshire, were prosecuting with extreme vigour their two favourite practical measures, rowdyism at meetings and the proclamation of the thing that is not. CALEB BALDERSTON, by the way, and his thunder—nay, even that other atmospheric disturbance which the classical poet made his famous jest of the horrible and pestilent wind—have been quite outstripped by the "severe storm" which, according to Gladstonian critics, prevented people in Bedfordshire from voting for Mr. WHITBREAD, but allowed them to vote for Colonel DUKE.—Lord HOUGHTON made his entry into Dublin on Monday, and met with a reception very differently described by Unionist and Separatist authorities. On the same day Mr. COURTNEY spoke at Liskeard on agricultural depression, and Mr. STANLEY (on taking up the freedom of Swansea) very vigorously on the subject of Uganda.

The Irish landowners, by their Convention, have taken a sensible attitude towards the proposed Eviction Inquiry, denying its necessity, but welcoming it on the understanding that it shall be impartial and exhaustive. That, however, is the rub. On the other hand, the extremer Nationalists pooh-pooh it, and very candidly ask that all evictions shall be taken as wrong, to begin with.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Besides the announcement of the Government's intentions as to Uganda, which may be said to be half-home, half-foreign politics, there were not a few items of importance in purely foreign news this day week. The text was published of the despatch which M. SHISHKIN, M. DE GIER's *locum tenens*, had sent to the Porte, or rather to the Russian representative there, in the matter of the reception of "STAMBOLOFF" (as the Russian document, with a petty rudeness quite worthy of the whole conduct of Russia in this matter, calls the Bulgarian Prime Minister). The despatch was equally remarkable for the absence of dignity and the presence of ill-temper; but whether it was, strictly speaking, a menace or not may remain matter of doubt. The Mauritius Council had passed a vote of thanks to the Home Government for the measures adopted in reference to the hurricane. Details of the fighting in Dahomey showed to all

appearance that Colonel DODDS's success was a solid one, though the great loss of his foes was chiefly due to their courageous folly in endeavouring to pick up their dead under fire. The Carmaux struggle was still going on; the news that the Russians had for the present definitely retired from the Pamirs was confirmed, and the King of GREECE had been ruthlessly quarantined on returning to his own country.

It was announced on Monday that the SECRETARY of STATE had given his consent to an inquiry into the Indian currency question, and that the AMEER was making preparations for the reception of Lord ROBERTS. In reference to the Uganda matter, it was interesting, if not exactly surprising, to find that French critics laid more stress on the prolongation than on the abandonment, and that German critics thought that abandonment a very proper thing on Mr. GLADSTONE's part. More details were received of the cannibal success over the HOPISTER Expedition; a *modus* had been arrived at in the quarrel over the Greek schools in Bulgaria; and the long-planned cross-ride from Vienna to Berlin and Berlin to Vienna had been started with considerable interest in both capitals.

On Tuesday morning it was announced that the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry (by the way, this Government appears to be going to "inquire within "upon everything") had been received with modified satisfaction in India, that the East Africa Company had decided to accept Lord ROSEBERY's respite, and that the date of the International Monetary Conference had been fixed for November 22 at Brussels. The French Mission had arrived at Fez with the usual honours. Father MARTIN, a Spaniard, had been elected General of the Jesuits.

It appeared on Wednesday morning that Count d'AUBIGNY's Morocco mission was not, on the whole, going on so much more smoothly than Sir C. EUAN SMITH's. There had been here also "discourtesies," demands for redress, and difficulties about giving it. But the French are not apt to display Britannic mildness in such matters; or, if another point of view be preferred, to consider their own dignity as impregnable and invulnerable with Britannic calm. The competitors in the Berlin and Vienna ride were beginning to come in, the palm of the first day's batch being won by the Austrian Lieutenant VON MIKLÖS, who did the distance in something over seventy-four hours, himself and his horse, however, being much exhausted. Prince FREDERIC LEOPOLD of Prussia came in first on the other way (which is thought to be the harder ride), with ten hours longer record; but a smile may cross irreverent faces as it is read that the Prince's aide-de-camp was but a discreet ten minutes behind. The Carmaux rioters were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment from four months downwards.

The second day's ride put Count STAHEMBERG, a pure Austrian, three hours ahead of his Hungarian compatriot, while the German competitors lessened, but not so much, Prince FREDERIC LEOPOLD's record to Vienna. Count STAHEMBERG had the credit of bringing his horse in in very good condition, and comparatively undistressed; but there has been a great waste of horseflesh over the affair generally, and it has given some excuse to those humanitarians who point out that in old English long-distance riding it was the endurance of the rider that was tested, and that nobody dreamt of riding a single horse till he dropped.

Yesterday morning some comfort came for the Germans, who had on the whole been completely beaten by their Austrian rivals in the long ride, by the registration of the second best record in favour of Baron REITZENSTEIN. It is to be noted, however, that the Baron's horse dropped down dead when he dismounted, while Count STAHEMBERG's was, as has been said, fairly fresh.—There had been more fighting in

Venezuela and in Dahomey, Colonel DODDS's chassepots, or their representatives, having again done wonders.

An attempt of a character more spirited than intelligent was made on Wednesday to rob two banks at once during open day in Kansas. There was much shooting, with considerable results, but the gang got the worst of it.

The Church Congress. The Church Congress at Folkestone opened on Tuesday in fine weather, which unfortunately did not last. The welcome given by the town authorities was cordial, and an insignificant attempt at anti-Ritualist brawling, much exaggerated in some newspapers which do not love the Church, was at once put down. The Congress was formally opened by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY in a Presidential address, on which, with some of the more striking features of the debates, we dwell further elsewhere. The chief subject of the first day's discussion was "The Church and Labour Combinations." Sermons were preached in the different churches by the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, the Dean of CHRISTCHURCH, the Head-Master of Harrow, and Canon JENKINS of Lyminge, a neighbour to Folkestone, and unequalled among Evangelically-inclined Churchmen as a canonist and a Church historian and antiquary. The proceedings of Wednesday were multifarious, and dealt with some burning subjects—Church schools, the Church and the agricultural labourer (Dr. JESSOPP giving expression to some of his well-known pessimism as to "Arcady"), and a women's meeting, in which Lady FREDERICK CAVENDISH and the Duchess of BEDFORD deplored the drinking (and other) habits of their sex. The Duchess, as reported, pronounced abstinence to be a "vital necessity for a Christian worker." From which we must gather either that Bishop TIMOTHY was not a Christian worker, or that the Duchess "does not agree with PAULUS." A discussion on Vivisection on Thursday made, as usual, some angry passions rise, but the disputants were kept in tolerable hand.

Speeches and Meetings. Yesterday week Lord ROSEBERY, fresh from obtaining the Uganda respite, relaxed on Polytechnics. The Incorporated Law Society met at Norwich on the same day on which the Church Congress opened at Folkestone, and listened to a Presidential address from Mr. RICHARD PENNINGTON. The Amalgamated Sailors and Firemen's Union has been meeting during the week at Liverpool, and the Society, also "Amalgamated," of Railway Servants in Farringdon Street.

The London County Council. At the meeting of the London County Council on Tuesday two objects dear to its Progressive majority were attained. The Treasury (as, indeed, was known) had withdrawn its objections to the system of issuing loans by annuity, and the purchase of a great part of the North Metropolitan tramways was forced through by much closuring.

The Law Courts. The preliminary trial or examination, according to island law, of COOPER for the murder of his wife at Douglas went on before the Deemster of the island at the end of last week, and the prisoner, being sworn, gave evidence on his own behalf to the effect that the fatal wound was given in a scuffle, he not remembering that he had a knife in his hand when he returned a blow from his wife. Medical evidence was called to support the possibility of the statement, which, when put thus shortly, perhaps looks less plausible than as actually given. The prisoner was, however, committed by the jury to take his full trial for murder.—For some days the police courts have been busy with a series of charges against the collectors and sellers of cigar-ends as unlicensed dealers in tobacco. As the tobacco thus "twice laid" has presumably already satisfied the demands of the Exchequer, this seems rather sharp practice, and it would almost

appear as if the authorities must have got scent of some more direct evasion of duty under cover of the trade. Few people, we should trust, would, save in the most exceptional circumstances, care to smoke other people's cigar-ends, even when refashioned into a sort of nictorian shoddy; but the traffic in them seems a little below the notice of the law, unless we are to have a complete "Régie."—On Wednesday the police-court decision went against the Farringdon Road costermongers, but a case was granted.

Racing. The chief race of the last day of the First October Meeting at Newmarket was the Rous Memorial Stakes, for two-year-olds, in which General WILLIAMS's Perigord won easily, thus again showing himself a good horse. The Scurry Nursery brought out a very large field of less distinguished youngsters, and was won by Captain MACHELL's Erin. —Nothing in the minor meetings of this week requires notice except the Nottingham Handicap on Monday, which went to Warlaby.

By an oversight last week in this place, the odds of 5 to 2 on La Flèche and Orvieto for the Lancashire Plate were mentioned as "the betting" instead of "the place betting"—a quotation which would, indeed, have been "unusual," if not impossible.

Rowing. In the race between the London Rowing Club and the Cercle de l'Aviron the French crew surprised spectators, and perhaps themselves, by winning almost easily. It appears that one of the London slides (mechanical devices again) went wrong, and it is argued that the crew was by no means the best, or anything like the best, that could have been got together. But a defeat is a defeat, even if you can give the most admirably logical reasons for it; and it is clear that in this, as in other matters, it will not do to trust too much to the "one jolly Englishman" principle.

Correspondence. This day week the omniscient and polite Mr. WALTER WREN showed his omniscience in the argument about wheat-growing by apparently not knowing that "junk" is salt beef, and his politeness by a remark about Mr. SUTTON "selling seeds." —A correspondent of the *Times*, dating from the Athenaeum, and signing himself "Geographicus," supplied on Thursday morning a very neat ironical rejoinder to Sir GEORGE BOWEN on HANNIBAL's pass in the Alps.

Miscellaneous. One hospital, St. George's, had its opening address on the 1st of October, though it was Saturday; but the majority postponed the celebration till the following Monday, when speeches were delivered by distinguished members of the faculty at most of the schools.—The weather has been, with rare intervals, very bad throughout the week, and several accidents have happened, especially in North Wales and Cheshire, to railway embankments; while in the same neighbourhood a lady, the wife of a clergyman and a bard, was blown into the river Alyn and drowned on Tuesday.—It has been resolved to confer the freedom of Liverpool upon Mr. GLADSTONE.

Obituary. At half-past one on Thursday morning Lord TENNYSON "crossed the bar." His illness had been brief, and was hardly known to any but his nearest friends before it became very serious. At no time since the death of DRYDEN has any English man of letters died who was so indisputably the greatest man of letters of his day and country, nor has any English poet, at any time, had so long a career of perfect production, with no dotage, with hardly any intervals of distinctly inferior work, with sheaves full and full-eared, with the respect of the careless multitude, and the admiration of the competent few. If we have had greater poets (and we have not had more than three or four of his quality), we have had none of more

exquisite perfection in his own way—none whose way led him through a more various paradise of daintier devices, and who blended a healthier and sturdier sense with a rarer faculty of poetic charm.—M. HECTOR CRÉMIEUX, who committed suicide last week, was a French dramatist of old standing and some repute, whose chief performance was the libretto of *Orphée aux Enfers*.—The death of M. RENAN, one of the few persons in Europe who can be said to have been absolutely at the head of his own special art, is more fully noticed elsewhere. By it France, like England, is left without her "greatest man of letters," and in a state of desolation in that respect in which she has never been since the period between the death of VOLTAIRE and the rise of CHATEAUBRIAND.—Germany has lost what we call a Waterloo veteran (who was to her a Leipsic veteran also) in the person of the Hanoverian General MÜLLER, who died at the age of 96.—Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, who died suddenly last week, was a person of considerable distinction in two different ways, which, though it is not easy to say why, are not very frequently traversed by the same individual. He served for many years as an army surgeon, saw some fighting, and obtained nearly the highest rank. Then he betook himself to the antiquarian side of English literature, and became one of the chief authorities on its history during the Elizabethan period in the wide sense. Dr. NICHOLSON did not write very much, and was fonder of putting his great and accurate knowledge at the service of others than of embodying it in literary form himself.—Dr. HENRI DE MUSSY, long medical adviser to the princes of the House of ORLEANS, was very well known to many persons in this country, in which he was for a time resident, as one of the oldest and most respected members of the faculty at Paris, to which he belonged by ancient family descent as well as individual practice. Dr. DE MUSSY brought to the exercise of the profession in which he was so distinguished the qualities of quick insight, untiring patience, wide learning and wisdom, and a remarkable blending of gentleness and strength. And, as the same qualities shone in his private relations, it is not surprising that all who knew him well had for him a deep affection, which is the measure of their present loss.

Books, &c. The long-delayed book season has shown signs, if not of beginning, of "going to begin." *Moltke, his Life and Character* (OSGOOD, MCILVAINE, & Co.) will be fortunate if it dissipates the disappointment of former MOLTKE books.—The second volume of "A. K. H. B.'s" *Reminiscences* (Longmans) is sure to be amusing.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE death of the POET LAUREATE is something more than a momentous national event. It is an event the like of which has not occurred in this country within the memory of any but very old men, and does not seem likely to repeat itself even in the lives of the youngest among us. Seventy years have elapsed since the last English poet entitled to rank with Lord TENNYSON as a singer passed away; and if we may admit that any voice of equal sweetness is still unsilenced among us, we shall hardly assert that in range and compass, in variety of modulation, in "sympathetic" quality, it will bear comparison with that which death has so lately hushed. To the great majority of Englishmen, therefore, the melancholy event of Thursday last is an absolutely new experience, and one with which the people of any nation may for long periods together remain unacquainted. They now know what it is to witness the extinction of one of those beacon-lights

of humanity which often remain unkindled for generations, and, when extinguished, leave as long a darkness behind them. The illuminant has in this case burned so long, and with so steady a power, that we have been apt to take its rays for granted; and the loss, though it will be felt with the more suddenness of shock on that account, will be, in its first freshness, perhaps, the less easily measured. It will take some little time to accustom us to the thought that the one great English poet of our age—the one poet of the last three-quarters of a century whose place is clearly and indisputably among the Immortals—has been taken from us. And not till we have fully realized all that is implied in the mere fact of that loss shall we be in any mood to apply ourselves seriously to the task of measuring it.

For once, however, the commonest of those obituary platitudes which do duty on these occasions seem significant and adequate enough. "It is too soon to 'attempt to fill the place,'" &c., is a phrase of more real meaning in Lord TENNYSON's case than it would be in many others. That he was pre-eminently the "poet of his age, the interpreter of all that was deepest 'and strongest in its thought and emotions,'" has been said, of course, a hundred times. It is true that he was this, and to have been this is a great thing. It is not necessarily the same thing as to have been a great poet; that is only the heresy of those who may be good judges of "thinkers," but have not equally good taste in poets. But in Lord TENNYSON, as we all know, the two propositions coincided. He was not only the interpreter, but the poetic interpreter, of the mind and spirit of his age; and to do a great thing poetically is to be a great poet. But there is a yet greater achievement than to have been the poet of an age, and that is to be a poet of the ages. And it is time alone, of course, that can determine whether the higher title is to be added to the lower. We shall have to wait until the years have worked their will on the recorded thoughts and emotions of the now closing century ere we can say for certain how much of the poetry in which these thoughts and emotions were enshrined will perish with them. For even supreme expression will not wholly avail to preserve that element in them which does not itself hold of the eternal nature of man. That much will remain of Lord TENNYSON's poetry even after this process has accomplished itself—and that by so remaining it will establish its claim to be the poetry, not of an age, but of all time—we should be the last to deny. But we must not allow any one to remain under the illusion that the immortal part of Lord TENNYSON's poetry is to be found in precisely those passages which will incur—along with the passing phase of thought that inspired them—the ravages of time. *In Memoriam* is undoubtedly a great poem, and in so far as it needs any other vital principle than inheres in its noble manner, it will live by its sometimes solemn, sometimes passionate, response to certain "obstinate questionings" of the human soul. But its immortality is independent of the perfection with which it expresses a certain liberal reading of theology.

It is not by matter of this kind, so far as it is a question of matter at all, that Lord TENNYSON's verse will live. But that there is abundance of the stuff of world-poetry to be found throughout all his work is beyond dispute; and for the rest—his future fame may safely be left under the guarantee of a quality which some of those who insist on his merits are not, perhaps, the best able to appreciate. He was, and to the last remained, the master of a poetic manner which has only been surpassed by the poet who surpasses all poets, and has never even been rivalled but by two or three at most in the long line of his successors. And in a far greater—to an astonish-

ingly greater—measure than any other poet that we know of, does his splendid faculty of expression seem to have descended upon him by the direct bounty of the gods, rather than to have been attained (though it was, no doubt, ceaselessly cultivated) by the sedulous self-training of the artist. There are poets in whom technical mastery and spiritual insight appear like birth-twins of the poetic genius, and in whose development the singer keeps even pace with the seer. But Lord TENNYSON's song burst from him in full perfection almost at the first opening of his lips. It long preceded the revelation of those powers as a poetic thinker which bulk so largely in the imagination of the unpoetic. The music of the *Lotos Eaters* has never been excelled by the poet himself, even if to excel it is possible in human language; and how strange, then, is the reflection that the singer of this unequalled lyric was almost a beginner in song. Again, it is one of the chief glories of our departed LAUREATE to have lent a new and a nobler rhythm to the blank-verse measure than it had ever received from any voice or hand of English poet since the death of MILTON; and this, too—for the *Morte d'Arthur* and *Enone* are among his earliest productions—was an achievement of his poetic youth. That he should have improved upon the consummate art displayed in these masterly performances was from the nature of the case impossible; but what could be done he did; he maintained this unsurpassable standard of artistic workmanship until the very last. If, as some contended, the force of the imagination showed signs of abatement in his declining years, if the word-magic became less potent, the imagery less splendid, as he drew nearer to his end, the majestic music was to his latest utterances unimpaired. The poet of "Teiresias" and "Demeter" was the poet of *ULYSSES* and *TITHONUS*; the lyrics of the first volume are not more perfect in form than the lyrics of the last. This is not the moment—if, indeed, there be any fitting moment—in which to revive the interminable discussion as to the shares of form and matter in the sum total of poetic result. But this at least may be said, that where a poet possesses Lord TENNYSON's matchless mastery of expression, it would need extraordinary poverty of matter to jeopardize his claim to live.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

EXCEPT in point of weather, the thirty-second Church Congress has been, in its earlier stages at any rate, a favoured and successful one. Although there was a little of the usual Philistine brawling both outside and inside the Congress walls, no serious disturbance had, up to the time of writing, interrupted the harmony of the meeting; while the expression of almost all sections of opinion had been free enough and lively enough to satisfy the most exacting demands. The ill manners of some street rowdies, who were promptly dispersed, were more than compensated by the reception which Mr. PALMER, a Congregational minister, gave to the visitors in the name of the Folkestone Nonconformists. If Mr. PALMER's style was a little florid, his meaning was excellent, and its spirit beyond praise. Indeed, Mr. PALMER, in dwelling on the points of agreement rather than of difference between the Church and Nonconformity, made, whether consciously or unconsciously, a criticism of the most far-reaching extent on these Congresses as wholes, and on their own proceedings. Whether the community of principle between the Church and the sects will ever overcome the difference of practice and detail which induced, not the Church to cast out the sects, but the sects to leave the Church, is a point on which the strongest heads and the most charitable hearts, even when found in conjunc-

tion, have differed very much, and have doubted even more than they differed. But that the good side of these Congresses consists in their perpetual exposure, amid superficial difference, of fundamental unity, there can be no doubt whatever. The Congress is now anything but young. It has covered the conventional period of a generation, and more; it is more than old enough to be a bishop, if it were a man. During that time the subjects with which it has busied itself, and the attitude which it has shown towards those subjects, may, indeed, supply the meditative student with food for half-ironic, half-melancholy musing. He will contrast the crazes of the nineties with the crazes of the sixties, will note the undoubting faith of both periods in the all-importance of their own fancies, will see how it was "necessary" for the Church then to be this and now to be that. But behind all this he will see the Church herself with all that is indispensable in her, and most that is valuable, the same now as thirty years ago; and will take good heart in thinking that, when the "all-important" fancies and nostrums of this time are as dead as those others, and more dead, the unchangeable will still remain unchanged.

It is, of course, almost unavoidable that the passing features should for the moment attract most attention. It is not mere frivolity which must be interested in remembering how of old time "be content with your "wages" was thought a sufficient command, and how at the present moment Canon SCOTT HOLLAND has discovered that it is the duty of the Christian workman, not, of course, directly to covet more wages for himself—that may be left for 1902—but to be "responsible to others for the wages he accepts"—that is to say, if we may translate so delicate a euphemism, to be discontented with his wages lest, haply, others should be contented with theirs. It is not mere flippancy which must think, when Lady FREDERICK CAVENDISH denounced the presence of ladies in smoking-rooms, that not so many years ago exactly the same language would have been applied by feminine censors of feminine ways to the presence of ladies on platforms. In many other ways the temporary, the personal, element may meet us as usual. We know of old the speaker who thinks that the agricultural labourer will never be attracted by music and stained glass (having, it must be supposed, some natural attraction for whitewash and three-deckers); and the speaker who thinks the Church too "finicking," and wants her to be aggressive, to be blunt, to be this, that, and the other. All these people are in their place, and the Congress is none the worse for their place being in it. As the Archbishop excellently remarked of the nominal subjects of discussion, that they should "float upward from the community," not be formally prescribed from above, so Church Congresses would be of no use whatever if they were like that too memorable Turkish assembly which was due to the ingenuity of MIDHAT. So long as decency and order are observed, and a fair say allowed to every respectable sayer, there can hardly be too much freedom of individual utterance in them. For, as the best and wisest of their original advocates have always held, they are essentially additions to the regular hierarchy and administration of the Church. It would be an evil day, indeed, when a Church Congress should mistake itself for a Synod; and a worse when it should assume functions of appointment and investiture. But it is an admirable assessor to the constituted authorities, an admirable safety-valve and "tell-tale," an admirable meeting-ground for opposing parties, whereon they may discover that neither is infra-human. We do not think it either an idle compliment or a rash assertion to say that the existence of the Church Congress has counted for something in that better understanding by such parties of each other which has

made the LINCOLN judgment possible, and its working as a difference-healer something more than merely probable.

But it is to the evidences of what is permanent that we prefer to turn, and they are sufficiently numerous. There may, indeed, sometimes have been Primates who would have dwelt, more than the present Archbishop of CANTERBURY did, on the ostensible unity and unchangeableness of Church teaching. But it would be rash to say that each particular occupant of the Chair of ST. AUGUSTINE is not entitled to use his own discretion in such matters, so long as he does not transact or compromise with important matters of discipline and faith. There can be no fair imputation of such transaction on the address which was delivered at Folkestone last Tuesday. The Archbishop made decent reference to certain important public affairs—such as the Uganda question—in which the interests of the Church are concerned; and if he abstained from referring to the LINCOLN judgment, few people will fail to appreciate the good taste of that abstention. It was not that the presence of an audience composed of persons who must be supposed to regard the judgment, some with disgust, some with approval, and many with mixed feelings, made the reference improper. But it would have been nearly impossible for the Archbishop to make it without either patting himself on the back, or apologizing for himself, or explaining, or in other ways assuming an attitude that must almost certainly have been unbecoming. The historical argument which concluded the speech was strong, as historical arguments always are when they are well founded; and it contained very unaggressively put but awkward hits for more than one division of the Church's enemies, as well as much that was cheering for the Church's friends. But the passage which was best was the passage referring to the old vexed question of "science." Even here the Archbishop's characteristic moderation may lead some to wish that he had broadened and deepened the line which he took, and had pointed out the utter confusion and hopeless mistake of supposing even the possibility of a contradiction between science and theology, between the natural and the supernatural, between the human and the divine. But, perhaps, strong meat is not more good for Congresses than for babes, and the Archbishop's milk was sincere enough. He had by anticipation allowed gently for possible extravagances in those who were to follow him, and what did follow was fully covered by the allowance; so that, though there is time to mar as well as to make, it may be hoped that the Congress of 1892 will rank as one of the most reasonable, yet not the least interesting, of the list.

UGANDA.

THE decision of HER MAJESTY'S Government to "accept the principle" of the evacuation of Uganda was, perhaps, inevitable, and has been arrived at in a less offensive way than might have been expected. We do not like the phrase "principle of evacuation." When used by a colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE it necessarily suggests exceedingly disagreeable memories. Still, the various acts of acceptance of this principle, so called, vary in degrees of poltroonery and ineptitude. In the present case the Ministry, whether by its own motion or under a stimulus applied by Lord ROSEBERY, has at least decided that, though there is to be, or may be, a scuttle, it shall not be precipitate. Moreover, a space is to be allowed to the Company before it is left entirely to its own resources, which may be so used as to secure a further postponement, and even an entire renunciation, of scuttle. We could certainly prefer that

the Cabinet had decided not to "adhere to the acceptance by their predecessors of the principle" that, as the East Africa Company cannot maintain itself by its own resources, it must not expect indefinite support from the State. But since it has adhered to this acceptance we have at least the consolation that the withdrawal of the Company's officers is to be postponed with the intention that, when it is finally effected, as little harm as may be shall be done to those natives of Uganda who have trusted us.

This regard for those towards whom we have contracted obligations of honour is a respectable feature in Lord ROSEBURY's letter to the Company. The existence of any feeling of the kind in the breast of any colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE's has given this act of scuttle (if it is to be scuttle) a certain dignity which distinguishes it from previous Gladstonian feats of the kind. It may even in the end prove powerful enough to prevent the complete evacuation of Uganda by all representatives of English authority. A Government which can be persuaded by Sir GERALD PORTAL "that dangers may arise from immediate evacuation "at the appointed time, which might be obviated by "some further delay," may at least conceivably be persuaded that these dangers must arise from evacuation at any time, and ought to be obviated by retention of the country. Lord ROSEBURY's letter to the Company, announcing the decision of the Cabinet, may certainly be said to be worded as if he were asking all men interested in Uganda to supply him with good reasons for not withdrawing from it after all. Those who are opposed to the evacuation would certainly do well to act on this supposition. What they will be well advised not to do is to follow the example of an extraordinary person signing "A. T. T. P." who sends a letter to the *Times*, in which he urges forty retired manufacturers and ironmasters to subscribe the ridiculously small sum of 1,000*l.* each, in order to keep Uganda open, by informing the City and the world that he personally is "off shortly to seek, like "the swallow, a warmer climate"—and hopes to hear that something has been done. "A. T. T. P." appears to be a very typical representative of the large class of persons who, unconsciously no doubt, have taken the immortal JEAN BON for a model. They go below, but they bid the rest keep fighting. This will not avail to avert the withdrawal of the representatives of English power from Uganda. It can only be averted by vigorously enforcing the arguments which have been put within the last few days by Bishop SMYTHIES and Mr. STANLEY respectively. The Bishop argues with great force from the disgrace which must be incurred by withdrawing from a country in which we have shattered all native government. Whatever is to be the judgment finally passed on the East Africa Company, the fact remains that its officers represent at this moment all that stands between the natives and the Arab slavers. What power of self-defence they had we have destroyed, or at least greatly weakened. In these circumstances it would be base to withdraw unless some security is provided that the people of Uganda are not to be left entirely at the mercy of the Arab slavers. Mr. STANLEY, in his speech at Swansea (which, by the way, was exceptionally free from his faults of manner), devoted himself chiefly to the material advantages of occupying Uganda. Mr. STANLEY may have represented Uganda more beautiful than life; but he is right in thinking that a strong expression of feeling in favour of real occupation is as likely to be produced by the conviction that the country is worth taking as by demonstration that it cannot be left without discredit.

ERNEST RENAN.

WE have elsewhere given M. RENAN the title of the greatest man of letters of France, and we have not much fear but that the description will be endorsed by the best and most competent judges. For many years the successive works which have issued from his facile and golden pen have delighted readers who have never—whatever exception they might take to them in other ways—had the slightest difficulty in recognizing with the utmost frankness the extraordinary merits of their style. Like all really good styles, M. RENAN's appeared pretty early, but constantly improved with practice. It has sometimes been suggested that he owes the almost universally recognized primacy which he has lately enjoyed as a writer to the gradual dropping off of elders or contemporaries, and there no doubt is, as there always is, something in this. But the intrinsic merit of his literary manner was so great that it must at any time have put him among the foremost. To the very last the exceptions to which he was open were exceptions of matter, not of form. M. RENAN was accused of excess in egotism, of defect in taste, of fantastic exegesis, of an almost criminal contempt of logic. But in some remarkable way the style, merely as style, was never the man in these evil respects. Descending directly from ROUSSEAU and CHATEAUBRIAND, it had, if not the full merits, little or nothing of the defects of either. It was never declamatory, and seldom or never trivial. Robust, sublime, energetic, it was not; it was frequently too luscious, too coquettish, if not too effeminate. But it was at its best, and even as a rule, a kind of French which was a perfect god-send and delight simply to read without the faintest necessity of troubling oneself about agreement or disagreement with what it endeavoured to convey. It was possible to be seriously disgusted with M. RENAN's matter, to be out of measure diverted with his logic, to be moved nearly to indignation by the light heart with which he worked to establish a mere *Que sais-je* on the ruins of a conscience or a faith. But in persons endowed with a sense of literature, it was impossible that these various unfavourable judgments on his thought and aims should not be accompanied by a constant running fire of applause for the masterly perfection of his literature.

If we were partisans of the old misreading of *de mortuis* we might stop here, or expand our previous observations with *quant. suff.* of anodyne comment. Indeed, we have not exhausted by any means the good that there is to say of M. RENAN. Among his private friends there was, we believe, but one opinion of him; even among those who did not fail to see his foibles—foibles more lightly looked on in France than here, where even the most personally egotistical of men think it well to disapprove of egotism. No one disputed his kindness of heart. His learning was not the subject of such unanimity; but the best English authorities, we believe, admit its solidity as far as it went. It may, perhaps, be that too much has been made in some of the accounts of him which have appeared since his death of his "ironic" and "amused" attitude towards life. This attitude has been very strong in his later works, especially in his *Drames*; but it is permissible to doubt whether familiarity with the earlier will not show that it was assumed pretty late, that it was in a certain degree a conscious or unconscious haven of refuge from political and other disappointments. It has been imitated and caricatured, as was inevitable, by a knot of young men of letters who perhaps occupy a rather disproportionate prominence in the estimates of their coevals on this side of the Channel. But, though M. MAURICE BARRÈS is an exceedingly clever young man, and though M. THÉODORE DE WYZEWA has read, for a Frenchman, a

great number of books in languages other than French, it does not seem necessary to take much notice here of the recent foundation of a sort of Renanic school. M. RENAN, like one wise in his generation, suffered these persons, but he was hardly responsible for them, and his own achievements and acquirements were massive enough and accomplished enough to make it quite unnecessary to do more than refer to his copyists.

It seems, however, to us quite impossible in this place to shirk the "hot ashes"—to avoid discussing, as charitably and briefly as may be, M. RENAN'S attitude towards theological affairs. It would be to some extent dishonest, and to a still greater extent futile; for, great man of letters as M. RENAN was, he never could have attained the position he has occupied in the estimation of others, and it is extremely doubtful whether he would ever have felt the stimulus which made himself, if he had not handled, and perpetually handled, these burning subjects. With rare exceptions, and those scarcely ever including his happiest work, that work is always busying itself with religion; now with the historical, now with the moral and ethical side of it. The *Origines* and the *Histoire d'Israël* do not play, or attempt to play, more havoc with historical Christianity than the *Drames Philosophiques* do with Christian ethics and philosophies. Now the charge against M. RENAN—a charge which can be formulated with such strict moderation and impartiality that it is not indecent to repeat it, even over his grave—was that in each of these cases he attacked without understanding either what he was attacking or even his own method of attack. His historical and critical methods have been the delight of adversaries who could keep their tempers, and the despair of defenders who could keep their wits. The crudest caricature of Christianity which the imagination of an anti-Christian could frame could not be so mythical, so baseless, so unsubstantial, so contrary to every principle of criticism, as the structures of imagination which M. RENAN put in its place. The innocent and unhesitating caprice with which he handled his authorities, silencing one at this moment as unworthy of credence, and admitting him the next as a valuable witness, without a tittle of rebutting or confirmatory evidence in either case; the eager freedom with which he drew on the absolutely conjectural to supply the details he wanted, and the placid calm with which he hid details that he did not want stand out, were as unique as the style in which he did these wonderful things. But when the joke was a little over there came the stern and uncomfortable afterthought, "What are we to say of an historical critic who, affecting to treat the history of the greatest historical institution of the world, violates the simplest rules of his art or science at every step?" Nor were things much better on the ethical side, though here it would be more unpleasant and less necessary to insist. It may be sufficient to say that to some persons M. RENAN'S dealings with Christian ethics were even less satisfactory than his dealings with Christian history and Christian dogma. They violated somewhat too rudely the excellent maxims that serious things should be treated seriously or left alone, and that open license and ribaldry are preferable to unctuous, and not in the least passionate, suggestion.

It was, however, only in his latest years that M. RENAN offended in this way, and even then he could plead the immense excuse of his exquisite and incomparable literary manner. Nor, for ourselves, do we agree with those who thought him much of an actual corrupter either of morals or of faith. The average man is not much affected by such work as M. RENAN'S; for he is *géné par le style*, to begin with, and, even if he can forgive that, he is never quite sure

what the author is driving at. Perhaps M. RENAN was not always very sure what he was driving at himself. But he could write French as no other man living could, and this merit will remain.

TWO POPULAR CRIES.

"*To Hell wi' the Auld Kirk!*" "*À bas la patrie!*" There are two popular cries which are said to have been uttered recently at meetings of a political kind in Scotland and France. As to the second amiable shout, a soldier who happened to be present is said to have observed that it was *un peu fort*. But we do not know that any one thought the place referred to as the proper destination of the Auld Kirk in any sense too warm or too remote. The frank exclamations of popular passion—or shall we say reflection?—were very significant. If there was one thing which the Frenchman, even the most revolutionary Frenchman, used to be proud of and fond of (after *sa mère*), it was *la patrie*. But now a certain proportion of Frenchmen have discovered that *la patrie* is too expensive, and interferes too much with equality and freedom. *La patrie* means military service, *la patrie* means taxation, *la patrie* keeps a watchful eye on robbers, murderers, dynamiters, and will, on occasion, misapply the beloved guillotine on the thrapples of these fine fellows. If there were no *patrie*, no flag, no Assembly, no police, it would be a fine time for poltroons and assassins, and the advanced thinkers who sympathize with those gentlemen and their aspirations. What else would follow if there were no longer any *patrie*, it is not easy to conjecture. Apparently there would be no foreign policy, no army, no navy; nothing but the brotherhood of mankind, tempered by anarchy. Historical experience (which is not familiar to the enthusiasts for the destruction of their native land) does not tell us much about what the end of all this would be, though conceivably grape-shot might in the end have a word to say in the matter. It is more evident that any country which happened to maintain its *patrie*, and not "down with" it, would probably annex and overrun the countries in which the cry of *à bas* had greatly prevailed. Thus if the Chinese, for instance, kept up the spirit of discipline and patriotism, Europe would soon become Chinese, and, really, worse things might happen to Europe. However, it is probable enough that the venerable Tories who still cry "*Vive la patrie!*" in France may for some years have the better of the detached and disinterested enemies of their native land. To be sure, *la patrie*, its glories, its victories, all its fortunes, good and evil, mean nothing to them, do not bring them in one franc per annum, do not waken in them one thought of pride, of courage, of loyalty, of self-reliance, and so, as far as they are concerned, *la patrie* may very conveniently go to the place where some of the Scotch wish it to meet the Auld Kirk.

A singular meeting it will be, in Hades, between La Patrie, with her scarred face, her torn tricolour, her tarnished gilding, and tattered laces, and the dour, the not inglorious Auld Kirk, with her ancient blue banner of the Covenant, her Bible, and the rest of her appurtenances. "To Hell wi' the Auld Kirk" of which the Scot was once as proud as the Frenchman was of fair France. To Hell with the Auld Kirk, that HAMILTON and WISHART burned for, and that KNOX burned witches for, among his other noisy and stout-hearted labours. Oh, futility of revolutions! *O pectora caca!* The Auld Kirk originally came down from Heaven like a bride; a rather austere, sour-featured, elderly virgin some said, but a bride for all that, and of celestial origin. There were to be a new Heaven and a new earth, when once the wicked, pagan, Popish super-

stition of the Mass was denounced and driven forth, when every one believed in the "Trewth" of JOHN KNOX, when all men had their cheap Bibles in their plaid neiks, when all the Scarlet Abominations of the Service Book had been overthrown, when not a saint was left in his niche, nor a pane of glass in a window, nor a roof that could be sold as old metal covered a minster in all the pious land. These—and other—benefits the Auld Kirk conferred on Scotland; for her the scattered yet lovely Remnant starved on the hills, or glorified Gon in the Grass Market. She has been the mother of saints of a dour description, she has lifted up her voice against the Woman that sitteth on the Seven Hills, "as if ane was no broad eneugh for her auld 'hurdies." She has been severe to right-handed back-slidings and left-handed fallings off; yea, her own children, when "no soond," she has chastened. And therefore she is to-day the Abominable Thing among some of Mr. GLADSTONE's Scotch friends, even as Rome was the Scarlet Abomination of yore. So certain lewd fellows of the baser sort yell "To Hell wi' the Auld Kirk!"

TORPEDO-BOATS.

ONE cannot but admire the undaunted resolution with which the partisans of the torpedo-boat fight the battle of their "doxy." The late M. GABRIEL CHARMES would probably have challenged any man who presumed to doubt her charms. The *Times*' Correspondent with the Blue Squadron is only a very little less Quixotic than the ingenuous Frenchman. He has returned to the lists this week with a long and intensely convinced statement that the peerless *Torpedine* is the most lovely damsel in all the world—or, rather, the best able to scratch our eyes out, for he confesses to a wish that she did not exist. His faith is in her powers of doing mischief rather than in her charms. In answer to Admiral COLOMB, he has undertaken to give his reasons for the belief which is in him, that we ought to build more torpedo-boats. We make no complaint of this. It is equally to be desired that all the big voices which keep saying "to a poor man 'believe or be —'" could be forced into giving their reasons. If the Correspondent can prove his point, we promise him our support.

Unfortunately, the proof is defective. The Correspondent undertakes to show that there are things which a torpedo-boat can do, and do better than others. He has, therefore, to show that the things can be done, and that the torpedo-boat is peculiarly fitted to do them. In our opinion he fails to do either. Thus he says that it is the intention of the French to begin a naval war by sending out swarms of torpedo-boats to cripple our big ships in harbour. He cites the so-called surprise of Sir GEORGE TRYON in the manœuvres of a few years ago as a proof that this could be done. But on that occasion the Admiral thought that the game was to begin next morning, and was not on the look-out. You cannot argue from such child's play as this to war. Again, the Correspondent quotes the destruction of the *Blanco Encalada* in his own favour. But it proves nothing to his purpose. The *Blanco Encalada* was not sunk by a torpedo-boat, but by a "catcher." This example, if it proves anything, proves that we should build the larger, and not the smaller, vessels. The Correspondent acknowledges that torpedo-boats cannot go on long expeditions. Surely, then, it is sound policy to prefer the craft which can do the torpedo-boat's work and cruise into the bargain. As a matter of course, he quotes the old cutting-out expeditions as analogous to the service to be expected from torpedo-boats. But that, again, proves nothing to his purpose.

Cutting out was the work of the boats of our cruisers. A parallel to it must be looked for in the employment of steam-launches, not in the use of independent torpedo-boats. The true equivalent to the torpedo-boat was the old fire-ship, which was dropped because it was found to be an encumbrance, as its modern representative might well prove to be if attached to a squadron ordered to cruise off an enemy's port in rough weather. The Correspondent goes a great deal too far when he says that forts could not protect French ships at anchor. It depended on the strength of the forts. Nobody ever attempted to cut out a French frigate from Brest or Toulon. To prove his point he ought to show that a torpedo-boat could rush into any fortified anchorage with at least some credible prospect of coming out. This, it is needless to say, he does not even attempt to do.

Like most advocates of his school the Correspondent has wild notions of probability. It is a small matter that, after saying, truly enough, that the French never showed themselves good at cutting out, he should go on to argue for more torpedo-boats on the ground that they will do this very work with extraordinary rapidity, determination, and success in the next war. They may; but it is rash to argue from previous incapacity to future capacity. Our advocate, again, has found an amazing argument in support of the favourite contention of his school that torpedo-boats will in future go about sinking whatever they meet. It has been pointed out that this might lead to the destruction of a neutral, and very serious trouble to the belligerent which had torpedoed the wrong ship. The Correspondent thinks there is nothing in this, because neutrals have always been inconvenienced in war-time. It is difficult to be civil with such talk as this. Neutrals have never endured inconvenience when they were strong enough to resent treatment they did not like. If the Correspondent will pay a little attention to elementary history, he will find twenty cases in which neutrals have gone to war in resentment of injuries, or have secured their removal by a threat of hostilities. A man who can believe that the German Empire would sit quiet when one of its steamers with, perhaps, five hundred Germans on board, had been sent to the bottom by a French or English torpedo-boat is—well, he is not a person who can be accurately described in the only language we care to use of the *Times*' Correspondent with the Blue Squadron.

TEMPERAMENT.

THE temper of the leopard changes for the worse "by being fed with two meals instead of one a day, and the temper of a gentleman of sanguine temperament who for some months lived on vegetables became much less excitable." The person responsible for the foregoing assertion was Dr. PEREIRA, and it is reproduced by Mr. ALEXANDER STEWART, F.R.C.S., of Edinburgh, in a portly volume, constituting the second edition of his work entitled *Our Temperaments* (London: CROSBY LOCKWOOD & Son), wherein he seeks to erect the study of temperament into a first-rate science—that is, a science to be taken seriously, and not as a plaything, like astrology, phrenology, theosophy, and so forth. It does not appear from Mr. STEWART's account to be an altogether satisfactory science. Everybody, it would seem, has a temperament; but the temperaments of most of us are so much mixed, and the mixtures leave so much room for doubt, that the utmost possible classification of individuals by temperament would give but little information, even if it were much clearer

than it is how a person of any given temperament may be expected to act.

The first fact to be thoroughly apprehended is that the word temperament, when properly used, refers only to the following attributes of mankind :—The colour of the hair; the colour of the eyes; the colour of the face (also called complexion); the shape of the face; the shape of the nose; the shape of the neck; and the shape of the body. There are four temperaments, now called the Sanguine, the Bilious, the Lymphatic, and the Nervous. Everybody belongs to one, or some, or all of these; but, as regards the four attributes, consisting of shape, there is no difference between the first three of the temperaments, every one with a tapering face, a thin nose, a long neck, or a "slim" body, being *pro tanto* of nervous temperament. And whether it is harder to convey in words (or even to agree about) the colour of a person's hair, eyes, or face, Mr. STEWART may decide for himself if he can.

But the inconclusive and extremely unexciting nature of Mr. STEWART's volume, which largely consists of quotations from other people, is considerably relieved by his illustrations. The frontispiece consists of the portrait (lithographed in several colours) of a sanguine gentleman. His eyes are blue, his cheeks are scarlet, his hair, moustache, and eyebrows are almost as red as his cheeks, and he wears a green tie. Another person exactly like him, except that he has a pointed chin and a red "imperial," that his coat is off, his collar perpendicular (because his neck is so long), and his tie (the same tie) tied in a bow instead of a knot, is of a mixed temperament, Sanguine and Nervous. His palette and brushes declare him an artist by trade. A ferocious youth, scowling over the back of a chair, and firmly grasping a book, which he is apparently about to throw at somebody's head, illustrates the Bilious Temperament. His tie is blue, with white spots. A fat, fair poet, lolling in an easy-chair, with a pipe in his hand, displays the full horrors of the temperament described as "Lymphatic (chiefly)." His tie is white, but amorphous. The aspect of him gives some notion of what may be meant by Mr. STARKWEATHER (quoted by Mr. STEWART), when he says that the hair of the thoroughly Lymphatic person is "lifeless in its expression." From Mr. STEWART's account of the "mental characteristics" appropriate to the pure (*i.e.* unmixed) temperaments, it appears that it is less unsatisfactory to be Bilious than anything else; and if you are Bilious, you have to be, in the words of the anonymous critic of an unspecified French play, "passionate, jealous, revengeful, unscrupulous." The Sanguine, the Lymphatic, and the Nervous are almost sure to come to grief in some way or other, and on the whole it is, perhaps, just as well that "pure" temperaments are rare, and most people are too "compound" to be at all easily analysed. It may be added that temperaments of a nervous character are becoming more and more common, in consequence of the "railways a-fuzzing and a-wuzzing," and so on, and that Mr. GALTON and a friend once sat for ever so long in Kensington Gardens looking for "a typical "JOHN BULL," and could not see one. If they had, he would, we imagine, have been very sanguine, very bilious, and rather lymphatic.

THE MILITARY RIDE.

SUPPOSING that the ride from Berlin to Vienna was meant to prove something, one is exceedingly puzzled to make out what it can be. If two bodies of horsemen start respectively from A and from

B; if these points are, say, 350 miles apart; if the difficulties of the road from A to B occur so as to make it easier than the road from B to A; if there are no rules as to the quality of the horses used, no allowance for obstacles, or for weight; if the horsemen do not start all together, but in successive batches, so that the conditions of weather vary materially from one batch to another; if all these "if's" are allowed—what, we repeat, can this competition prove? To our mind it proves nothing whatever as to the relative quality of the horses and riders. Supposing that C is a 10 st. man, mounted on a thoroughbred more than up to his weight, and that he rides in fine weather from A to B. Supposing that D rides 13 st. 6 lbs., on a half-bred horse only just up to his weight, and has to cover the ground from B to A in torrents of rain. Putting accidents aside, it is clear that C must do the distance quicker than D. But what does that prove as to the respective qualities of the riders and their mounts? The common sense of the world answers that it proves nothing. Let C and D go over the same country under equal conditions, and then we may learn which is the better horse and the better horseman.

Put Vienna for A and Berlin for B; Hungarian Hussar for C and German Dragoon for D, and here you have the history of the late military ride. As a competition intended to prove the qualities of horses and riders it is absurd, if only because the road from Vienna to Berlin is easier riding than the road from Berlin to Vienna, and no allowance is made for the difference. It would be almost as rational to arrange a match between two cutters not of the same tonnage, of which one should be sparer for racing and the other for cruising, and to make it a condition of the race that one should run from Plymouth to the Solent in a south-westerly wind, while the other was turning down Channel from the Solent to Plymouth. What kind of race would that be? Unfortunately, the ride does prove something. In the first, it proves the existence of what we are afraid we must call a great deal of callous brutality among German and Austrian cavalry officers. We read of horses ridden to death, lamed, dragged past the winning-post, and so forth. Now this is thoroughly bad. It is cruel, and it is not good horsemanship. A good rider is not one who founders his horse, but he who gets the utmost out of it without diminishing its value. The Emperors of AUSTRIA and GERMANY do not, we presume, expect their cavalry officers to overwork their mounts in war. It is the horses that are useful, not their hides, as CROMWELL pointed out to MANCHESTER. The reports are full of stories like this:—"Lieutenant von RECUM's horse broke down at Kalau; "while Baron von ZANDT's thoroughbred horse "Schnippe died at Altdobern." From the extraordinary number of breakdowns among the German horses, we suspect that the cavalry officers of that army must be indifferent horsemen, though they may be showy riders—two things which are not at all synonymous. The Hungarians, we note, have generally contrived to bring their horses in, even though they have overridden them; but then they had the easier task. Count STAHEMBERG brought his horse into Berlin in good condition, but then the animal is a very fine thoroughbred, and the Count rode with his brains, and not only with his spurs, as so many of the others seem to have done. The prizes offered by the EMPERORS, and the talk in the newspapers, seem to have produced among the competitors anything but a healthy state of mind.

TWO IRISH TRIUMPHS.

NOTHING seems to have been wanting to the spectacular success of Lord HOUGHTON's official entry into Dublin except some sort of recognition from those supposed to be authorized to grant or withhold it of his mission as a "messenger of peace." One can, of course, understand and allow for the awkwardness of the position in which both of the two Irish factions find themselves as regards the attitude proper to be maintained towards the new LORD-LIEUTENANT. It would clearly never do for the Parnellites to show the slightest sign of confidence in a GLADSTONE Government; and, equally clearly, it would never do for the Anti-Parnellites to let it be supposed that they were in any more trustful mood than their rivals. Still, it is unfortunate that some sort of decent compromise could not have been arranged between a Viceroy laden with *largesse* and the representatives of an expectant people who are thus sternly controlling their desire to embrace him until they have seen the colour of his political money. Could not a respectable "stage "crowd" have been got together by arrangement out of the somewhat numerous staff of "supers" possessed by the Anti-Parnellite party—of course, on the understanding that, if Mr. REDMOND's or Mr. HARRINGTON's remarks on their conduct became *too* spiteful, Mr. HEALY should be at liberty to disavow them? Their action need not have had any more real significance than the posturings of a chorus of village maidens in an *opéra-bouffe*; their words of welcome might have been as patently empty as the goblet that the careless stage reveller sometimes holds upside down in the excitement of a drinking song; but, at any rate, they would have saved appearances and carried off the pageant, which, as it was, might just as well have marked the arrival of a mere coronetted minion of Toryism destined to be the puppet in the tyrannous hands of Mr. BALFOUR.

Our Gladstonians over here are, it is to be noted, consoling themselves for the frigidity of Lord HOUGHTON's reception by reminding each other that "the real Irish business rests with Mr. MORLEY," and that if the landlords, who are seeking to regain possession of their lands before a new raid is made upon their rents by the Government, "once understand" "that they may reckon on as much passive resistance" "[from the Irish Executive] as is compatible with the "law"—a truly delightful phrase—"they will not be "able to do much" in the way of saving their property, in the interval between the present moment and the time when Mr. MORLEY's Commission reports. The implied assumption that it will be all up with them, or with as many of them as the Commission have to deal with, when that body does report, is a truly edifying commentary on the "strict impartiality" with which these "inquirers" are to proceed. It is, however, only the assumption that runs through the blatant screed of which Mr. O'BRIEN has just delivered himself in the *New Review*, and the singular title of which—"Are the Irish Evicted Tenants Knaves?"—appears to show that the writer has, in some inexplicable fashion, confounded the parts played by the two sets of conspirators in the Plan of Campaign. Surely it will be time enough to consider whether the evicted tenants are knaves when some one has asked the equally unmeaning correlative question, "Are the Irish agitators "fools?" In the meantime Mr. O'BRIEN's sinister rejoicings over the appointment of the Commission—which he undisguisedly recognizes as created for the purpose of indemnifying the beaten party against the consequences of their defeat—are scarcely consistent with his foolish vapourings over his pretended victory, and his childish talk about "the Nemesis" which has "overtaken" Mr. SMITH BARRY. Where, by the way,

is that avenging goddess to be found? In the Old Tipperary or in the New? Our own impression is that the most conspicuous temple dedicated to her is that dilapidated structure once known as "The O'Brien "Arcade." In fact, the whole article of the eponymous patron of this precious edifice is evidence enough of his consciousness of the truth of matters. And his amusing wrath with Mr. REDMOND for having so ruthlessly avowed that the Plan of Campaign was "founded "for political purposes" shows equally clearly that Mr. O'BRIEN is not only aware that he was handsomely beaten by Mr. SMITH BARRY and Mr. BALFOUR, but that he is quite sensible of the value of the lost stakes.

ROCKETS.

LET not any one suppose from the heading of this article that what we are about to say refers in any way to the "airy messengers" which are often a source of amusement, and sometimes a real assistance, in the ordinary circumstances of every-day life. The rockets we mean to speak of, if they come down with the stick in the orthodox manner, never ascend with the soaring ambition of their brethren of the Crystal Palace. The theme of our discourse is the war rocket, once viewed as a formidable engine of destruction, but now eclipsed almost entirely by the improved projectiles which science has placed in the gunner's hands. Time was when great things were hoped from the wild, screaming fiends. They undoubtedly terrified the horses of opposing cavalry, and seriously interfered with the symmetry which should characterize a well-ordered charge. Savages, even at the end of the nineteenth century, have a prejudice against meeting them, and still regard them as one of the incarnations of the evil one. But in times when cavalry seldom or never will decide the fate of the day, and when combatants can deliver their blows at distances beyond their range, rockets are scarcely to be found in a modern armoury. Besides, the eccentricity of their behaviour has ever rendered them, even under favourable circumstances, but untrustworthy allies. Like the elephants of the ancients, or the boomerang in the hands of any but one to the manner born, they sometimes proved more dangerous to friends than foes. Your comrade will scarcely support you very genially if the missile you discharge at the enemy may double back and cut him in half, and a cool-headed antagonist will soon learn to despise an effect which is usually but a moral one. Yet when first they were brought out rockets seemed to have a great future before them, and up to fifty years ago there was still a "rocket troop" in our service. During the campaigns in the summer and autumn of 1813 the original British rocket troop distinguished itself more than once. It was at the sieges of Wittenburg, Frederick Fort, and Gluckstadt, while it specially shone at Leipzig, and two years later at Waterloo. At the former battle it was attached to the troops under the command of the Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, who rose like another of his brother marshals to a throne, but who knew how to keep the seat he had gained there better than the rest. When his numerous foes were closing in on Napoleon as he stood at bay round Leipzig, the rocket troop, which had been sent out from England as an experiment, was at the request of Sir Charles Stewart brought into action to support the attack made by Bubna upon Regnier. The report sent home as to its performances was a most complimentary one, and it is said to have produced a great sensation, perhaps by the very novelty of its projectiles, in the part of the field where it was employed. Its commanding officer, Captain Bogue, lost his life on this occasion, however; and it was brought out of action by Lieutenant Fox Strangways, who lived to be a General in the Crimea, and died himself at Inkermann.

At Waterloo, where rockets were next used, they do not appear to have accomplished much, for the high corn interfered greatly with the action of projectiles discharged so near the ground as they were. Insinuations were also heard in certain quarters as to their discrimination; and the cavalry, in whose support they were fired, would gladly, it seems, have been saved from their friends. In the letters which Colonel Siborne has recently

published from officers engaged in the memorable battle we find Major E. C. Whinyates, who commanded the rocket troop on that occasion, indignantly repudiating this charge, which he, it appears, never heard of at the time; an omission which, he justly hints, some candid friend would certainly have taken care to correct, had the soft impeachment been a true one. An English Major of Dragoons who was lying wounded in the French line gave testimony more in favour of the new projectiles, for he said he "heard the rockets passing, and the French swearing at them and the English for wishing to burn them alive, and that they evidently did not like them at all." Altogether, from 250 to 300 rockets were used, and these were chiefly of the kind known as "ground," and were not fired with any elevation. A great awkward, lumbering carriage, with an apparatus called a bombarding frame, intended for discharging heavy rockets, did not accompany the troop when it went to the front down the slope of the position; but a letter from Colonel Dansey describes how he saw it, "with its great long frame cocked up in the air at an angle of about forty-five degrees, firing away." This officer was not an enthusiastic admirer of rockets; for he goes on in the following strain:—"As to what he [the man in charge of it] might have been firing at 'tis hard to say; to be sure, rockets in those days were not what rockets are now [1843]; but I should think that, if those rockets that were fired went from the frame as they would now, they must have gone about a mile and a half, and Major Whinyates ordered him to cease firing, as there were some foreign cavalry of our side between him and the enemy." Perhaps these were the dragoons who complained of their allies; and, if so, it may easily have been with good cause, as those who have ever had occasion to watch the erratic path of a war rocket will admit. If they were valuable in 1843, it is strange that it was just about that time that the rocket troop was finally disbanded, and that no efforts have since been made to revive their use. It is said that some years ago, while a croquet party was going on in the garden of the Commandant at Shoeburyness, simultaneously with some rocket practice on the sands, an uninvited guest, "trailing clouds of glory" behind him, made an eccentric and sudden inroad into the midst of the company, and was received with more consternation than curiosity. Perhaps we may not unfairly assume that such a startling proof of its inherent treachery may not have been without an effect in causing the weapon to disappear from our field equipment.

In the naval service, although rockets are in no greater favour than they are on land, their use has not altogether been abolished. It is often impossible to take guns ashore in boats even when men-of-war are equipped with such weapons suitably mounted for land service; and yet, when a boat's crew is despatched to destroy the stronghold of some savages who have to be taught to respect the Queen's name, something more substantial in the way of a projectile than a Martini-rifle bullet may be required. If rockets acted up to their pretensions they would form an almost ideal armament for a boat's crew attacking a slave dhow up a river, or sent to set fire to a hostile village. Some idea of the distrust with which they are viewed may, however, be drawn from the fact that the regulations have laid down that when one hangs fire on board a boat, instead of shooting off at once as it should do, the crew are at once to leap overboard! The sight of a boat's crew "diving at the flash" like a flock of puffins is sufficiently ludicrous, and it is no wonder that naval officers prefer to leave severely alone weapons which may necessitate such undignified proceedings. Nor will even the valuable incendiary capacities they can lay claim to reconcile the Admiralty to an arm which can so readily cut both ways. It may be sport to see the engineer hoist with his petard, but only so to the onlookers, and scarcely so to the engineer himself; and if an actual demonstration of the proverb is ever likely to be given, it will probably be at the hands of a rocket.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE negotiations between the Master Spinners Federation and the representatives of the workpeople having come to nothing, the Federation has issued notices that wages will be reduced 5 per cent. on and after the 7th of November. Unless great tact and judgment are exercised, it seems inevitable, therefore, that at the beginning of the

winter the depression in Lancashire will be increased by a serious Labour dispute in its greatest industry. Unfortunately the conduct of the Federation has tended to encourage resistance on the part of the operatives. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the Federation began by recommending a reduction of as much as 10 per cent., but that the members of the Federation refused to support it in sufficient numbers to warrant an attempt to carry out the policy. Then the proposal was dropped, but some little time ago it was revived in a modified form, a reduction of 5 per cent. being substituted for one of 10 per cent. The requisite proportion of members has accepted the second proposal; but it is not surprising to find that many of the operatives think, or at all events allege, that the employers individually are not very favourable to the policy, and that in large measure they have been coerced into supporting it by the officers of the Federation. There is probably no ground for the allegation, but obviously it is suited to encourage resistance amongst the operatives. Furthermore, it appears that the Bolton employers will hold aloof, although those of Oldham appear to be supporting the Federation. There is thus a want of unanimity amongst the employers, taking them all together, and that further tends to encourage resistance. It may be, of course, that the employers will rally when the time of struggle comes; but it is unfortunate that there is not greater unanimity either to enforce the reduction or to adopt some other policy. A strike under any circumstances is bad, and must do much mischief, but a strike under the impression that the employers are not united, and will not act earnestly, is especially unfortunate, as it may lead the whole body of operatives into action that will cause grievous distress. There is no doubt, of course, that the cotton trade is in a bad way, that even under the most favourable circumstances profits are unduly low, and that in too many instances profits have disappeared altogether. Nobody disputes on either side that a remedy of some kind is required. But while the employers insist that the only practical course is a reduction of wages, the operatives contend that a reduction of wages will do no good, that it will merely increase competition, and that profits will be as low in the course of a few months as they are now. On their part, the operatives propose a restriction of the output, offering, if the majority of the employers agree, to bring such pressure to bear upon the minority as will compel them also to fall into line. Since both parties admit that the trade is unprofitable, and that the present policy must be modified in some way or other, it ought not to be so very difficult as it seems to bring about an agreement between them. We have suggested before now in these columns that the two plans should be combined, that the employers should agree on their side to reduce the output somewhat, provided the operatives accept some reduction of wages. The difficulty, of course, is that no plan that can be pursued will restore prosperity in the early future. The condition of the trade is, firstly, a result of the Baring crisis, which gave a shock to credit all over the world, and greatly reduced the accommodation formerly afforded to the foreign customers of the country. Secondly, it is the result of short crops, wild speculation, drought, and famine in the Far East. Thirdly, it is an outcome of the Silver crisis, which for the time being is disorganizing trade between the gold- and the silver-using countries. And, lastly, it has, no doubt, been aggravated by a succession of exceedingly large crops of raw cotton in the United States. The planters have exported immense quantities to Liverpool, the price of the raw material has fallen severely, all who held large stocks previously have suffered heavy loss, and in the meantime the consumption in the Far East, owing to the causes already referred to, has not increased proportionately. It cannot be cured, either by reducing wages or restricting the output; it must be a very slow consequence of revival abroad. But, though it may help employers to get rid of some of their surplus stock if there is a great strike, in the long run it will add to the troubles in Lancashire by plunging the body of operatives in distress, and so reducing their purchasing power. It is to be hoped, therefore, that, while there is yet time, good sense and good feeling will induce both parties to arrive at some kind of compromise.

The payment of the interest on the National Debt on Wednesday caused a general decline in rates. The discount quotation in the open market is now little better than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and loans for short periods are made at $\frac{1}{2}$ per

cent. Yet the Continental demand for gold is increasing. During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank lost 78,000*l.*, and it seems probable that a considerable amount will be taken for Austria, Germany, France, Egypt, and possibly Russia.

The announcement that the International Silver Conference is to meet at Brussels on the 22nd of next month, the appointment of a small Committee to inquire into the Indian Currency Law, and the Report of the Chartered Mercantile Bank of India, which is regarded as favourable, have all combined to reassure dealers in the silver market; consequently, the price has recovered to 38*3d.* per oz. But the improvement is largely speculative, and is not likely to last.

The Chartered Mercantile Report states that, to provide for losses, it has been found necessary to apply all but 10,000*l.* of the reserve fund, amounting to 125,000*l.* At the present value of the rupee the capital is now worth a little over 450,000*l.*, or about 15*l.* per share, which shows a loss of nearly 300,000*l.* It is added that it will be necessary to introduce fresh capital, and the Directors are considering a scheme of reconstruction.

There is a better feeling in the stock markets this week, but business has not much increased, and the improvement is hardly likely to last. Partly it is due to the recovery in silver and partly to the sale by Messrs. Baring Brothers of Central Argentine stock of the nominal value of 1,700,000*l.* The announcement of the sale came as a joyful surprise to the market. Only a few weeks ago the Governor of the Bank of England stated that the liquidation of the Baring estate would probably prove slow in the future, and as it could not be expected that it would be completed in the three years originally arranged for, a new agreement would be necessary. The City, therefore, was quite unprepared for so large a transaction, and there is a hope, consequently, that the liquidation will proceed much more quickly than any one anticipated, and will turn out to be more favourable. Naturally, also, people look upon the purchase as proof that the great capitalists of London now take a very favourable view of Argentine affairs. As a result, there has been an advance in all Argentine securities. There is no doubt that the economic condition of Argentina is better than it was. Confidence is slowly reviving, trade is improving, and the installation of the new President is expected to put an end to political troubles. But the public will do well not to be led away by the sanguine feeling that now prevails. There are yet many difficulties. There may be troubles of one form or another, and, at all events, it is too early to conclude that every change in the future will be for the better. Especially investors should avoid Argentine Government securities. Industrial stocks have a real value, whether they are quite worth present prices or not, but nobody can say what is the value of the Government securities. In the American department there is also a better tone, largely due to the more hopeful feeling respecting silver. But it is to be hoped that the British public will not be induced to speculate. The silver crisis is not yet at an end. Nobody knows what will be the composition of the Congress to be elected next month, or whether, therefore, silver purchases will or will not be stopped. While that is the case uncertainty must continue. We would therefore advise investors to keep aloof from the market yet awhile. In the Inter-Bourse department there is more weakness than has been apparent for some months. The settlement on the Paris Bourse, which has just ended, was a rather difficult one. There is a very large speculative account open for the rise, and the value of money is advancing. Any accident, therefore, may bring about a sharp fall. The report that our Government has decided upon sending an official to report upon Greek finance supported the market for Greek securities; but Mr. Law's mission has no political significance. Mr. Law is the British Commercial Attaché for the East, and it is part of his duty, therefore, to study Greek finance, though, of course, it is possible that, without committing his own Government in any way, he may be able to render a service to Greece.

Trade continues to decline, and in every industry almost wages are being reduced. Except in cotton, the workpeople generally recognize that under existing circumstances resistance is hopeless, and every day almost there is a report that they are yielding. At the same time, it is remarkable how well the home trade is keeping up. The decline is

mainly in the foreign trade, and it is gratifying to note that even yet the railway traffics are good.

There has been little change in British, Indian, and Colonial Government securities during the week, but the movements are generally upwards. In Home Railway stocks there are both ups and downs, but generally prices are lower than last week. Lancashire and Yorkshire closed on Thursday at 106*1*, being a rise of 1*1* compared with the Thursday of last week. But Great Western closed at 164*3*, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; North-Eastern closed at 158*1*, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; and North-Western closed at 173*3*, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. Brighton "A," a more speculative stock, closed at 157*1*, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market, on the other hand, the movements are all upwards. Erie shares closed on Thursday at 26*3*, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Union Pacific closed at 40*1*, a rise of 1*1*. These are purely speculative securities, and ought not to be touched by investors. Coming to the dividend-paying shares Louisville and Nashville closed at 70*1*, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2*1*; Illinois closed at 100*1*, a rise of 1*1*; and Lake Shore closed at 136, also a rise of 1*1*. Passing next to bonds, Atchison Four per Cent. Mortgage bonds closed at 86*1*, a rise of 1*1*, and Mexican Central Four per Cents closed at 70*1*, a rise of 1*1*. In Argentine Railway stocks there has been a very marked improvement. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday at 71-4, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2*1*; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 129-31, a rise of 5*l.*; Central Argentine closed at 68-70, also a rise of 5*l.*; and Argentine Great Western Debentures closed at 52-4, a rise of 6*l.* The Argentine '86 loan closed at 66*1*, a rise of 1*1*. In the Inter-Bourse market the changes have not been great, but Greek Monopoly bonds closed on Thursday at 60, a rise of 2*1*, compared with the preceding Thursday.

A CHEDDAR CAVE.

ONE of the finest sights in Somersetshire is the gorge leading down into the little town of Cheddar. Tremendous cliffs overhang the road, steep as a wall, now retreating from the highway, now jutting out into fantastic buttresses and towers of grey rock. At times it would almost seem as if nature, following Mr. Whistler's sequence, had attempted to imitate on a gigantic scale man's architecture. It is almost as if one were gazing on the stupendous ruins of some vast cathedral, the great walls still standing, with here and there a tower or pinnacle perched on the top of masses of crumbling masonry defying the strong hand of time and rearing itself proudly still above its fallen sisters. Some of the huge rock buttresses run up perpendicularly to a height that dwarfs the grandest cathedral man ever built or conceived, and in under these cliffs run the marvellous caves which, though only discovered within the century, have already achieved fame and reputation all over England. Stalactites and stalagmites, marble, and alabaster, or its kin, are here, all the wonders that mother earth can work under ground, if you but give her time. But Mr. Cox's cave at Cheddar is somehow different from any other cavern we have seen or conceived. To us a cave has always meant, and indeed still means, a vast and gloomy chamber, or series of chambers and passages, in pitchy darkness, along which we feel our way, bumping our heads and abrading our knees, bearing aloft a tallow dip fixed upon a stick to serve as a fitful torch. In such a cave there will be dark and gloomy recesses, bats will flap their wings in our faces, white owls speed forth out of the gloom and hoot dismally, while an occasional treasure, stalactite or stalagmite, or kindred wonder, is pointed out to us by our guide, or better yet, come upon by our own unaided efforts, with no human book of words to explain and to expound.

But the Cheddar Cave, the cave of Cox, is altogether different from this. In fact, we rather fear it is an "up-to-date" cavern, with all the latest fittings and improvements. Nature began this decorative work which should place Cox's cavern on a level, in point of splendour, with a grand transformation scene at Drury Lane, and Mr. Cox added the footlights and the "book." That is to say, Nature provided marble pillars and stalactites and a

roof with groined tracery of exquisite colours. She even provided formations which exactly resemble artistic stage-drapery in many folds, and musical stalactites which ring when they are touched, and so provide a sort of orchestra floridly described to you by your cicerone as fairy bells. But Mr. Cox has laid on gas throughout, and provided reflectors in crucial places, whereby a strong light is thrown upon anything of especial interest, just as we turn the lime light full on the gyrations of a skirt-dancer, and Mr. Cox has provided descriptive programmes. Furthermore, Mr. Cox has laid down gravel and stones on the floor to make his cave smooth and easy to walk upon, and remove all fear of slipping. In fact, to quote the advertisement, "This cavern is one of the very few which ladies can visit without fear of inconvenience or damage to clothes. . . . The cavern is clean, well ventilated, easy of access, no climbing, only one place to stoop!" This is all very well, and doubtless quite as it should be, but it is hardly what would be called adventurous, and we yearn for the improvised torch and the gloom and mystery of the old-fashioned cave, wherein we lost ourselves as children, and alarmed our nurses. But let us take the cave as we find it, and describe its beauties, for it really is beautiful, though we have been tempted to jeer a little at its attractions as advertised. The chambers are full of the most startling forms and the most marvellous colouring, and we suppose the gas and the reflectors are needed to get a clear impression of the latter. There are places where the roof appears to be hung with fold on fold of glistening drapery, red and grey and blue and olive, all vivid and glistening from the moisture that never leaves it. In the third chamber—there are seven in all, but one is inaccessible, and can only be seen through a fissure in the rock by gas-lights and reflectors like a peepshow at a fair—is an exquisite pool of water, clear as crystal, which reflects the marvels of the roof, and suggests some church font of wonderful workmanship. This pool, brimming with the crystal water, but never apparently either overflowing or diminishing, was fortunately preserved when the chamber beyond was explored. A passage has been cut under the solid rock which forms the basin, "the one place to stoop" in fact; and so you can get beyond the pool, and penetrate to the heart of the cave. In the further chamber our painstaking friend pointed out many grotesque formations of rock resembling creatures and things of ordinary life. The wings of a bat, a rat running up a rock, a bunch of carrots, and even, in one of the earlier chambers, a baker's loaf, thus bringing the marvellous and the commonplace into somewhat idiotic collision, and instituting comparisons which it would be a mild futility to make in thought, but which when proclaimed and duly noted and commented on by a guide, attain the acme of unconscious and rather irritating absurdity. Lastly, we are bidden to approach a peephole, one by one, and gaze upon "The Fairies' Grotto." The name recalls one in a flash to Drury Lane again, and the delights of childhood's pantomime. We summon up in a flash the scene—canvas coloured to represent rock, a good deal of tinsel-paper, and probably a certain amount of real water behind, and in the foreground a ballet of muslin-skirted houris, with the Fairy Queen as coryphée. Well, really, the original is not unlike that, if you can fancy seeing the same scene, say by looking down kaleidoscope, minus the "human interest" of the ballet. The man turns up the gas in the Fairies' abode (which is some thirty feet away in the heart of the rock), and you stare, one at a time, down a fissure in the rock. At the end of it is a pool of the clear rock water, and reflected in it, you see the roof of the tiny grotto beyond—the roof itself you cannot see. It is a sort of cavern in miniature, only more gorgeously coloured than any we had previously seen, unless that was the effect of the light and the reflection. We all know how beautiful even commonplace things look when seen in a strong light at the end of a long funnel. Anyhow the little cave is very beautiful, and on the whole well named, for it is *very* like the fairy grotto of our youth, all orange and red and cream and amber, all glittering with the natural moisture on it, and gleaming with the strong light turned upon it and intensified by the darkness of the fissure through which we gaze.

This is the last of the wonders of the cave, and we walk back past the former marvels, taking a last look at each, to be informed with needless iteration that it is all finer than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; that Mr. Gough's cave, higher up the road, is a delusion and a snare; and, finally,

that the charge is one shilling each. It is all a little commonplace and nineteenth century. One almost begins to wonder they do not advertise extra exits in case of fire; but still it is really exceedingly beautiful, and very carefully preserved, for which we should be grateful.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE collection of works of art now on view at the New Gallery is described as an "Autumn Exhibition of Pictures, Sculpture, and Design by Living Artists." Such is the simple announcement that meets the eyes of the public in the public prints. No notice is appended of the fact that a very considerable number of the paintings has been previously exhibited—many, indeed, very recently—in some one or another of the principal picture-galleries. The present exhibition at the New Gallery is, in short, not a new exhibition. The matter chiefly concerns the sightseers, ever seeking the thing that is new, who comprise the bulk of the visitors to the larger galleries, and those who are charged with the duties of criticism and comment. With few exceptions, the more notable works in the present exhibition have been fully discussed in the *Saturday Review* in connexion with their first appearance at Burlington House and elsewhere; and there is, therefore, no occasion to offer the *crambe repetita* of criticism by re-endorsing old judgments or re-affirming old conclusions. It is not superfluous, however, to point out that the opportunity of seeing once again the masterly, though very familiar, portrait, "Mrs. Percy Wyndham" (135), by Mr. Watts, is an opportunity that the lover of art should not let slip. And, in the like spirit, attention may be drawn to the presence of paintings so various in aim and style as Mr. Alma Tadema's "Hadrian in England" (50); Mr. Clausen's "Labourers at Dinner" (157); Mr. Lorimer's clever, if not entirely harmonious, "Pot Pourri" (119); Mr. Poynter's small study for his Academy picture "Diadumene" (7); and certain landscapes by Professor Costa, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Arnold Priestman, and Mr. R. W. Allan. Unfortunately for the lover of art, with such re-exhibited works there are many others that are neither important nor new, nor in any sense worthy of the honours of revival or survival with which they are favoured.

Mr. Burne-Jones, whose collected works are to form the winter's exhibition at the New Gallery, contributes a design for a mosaic to be set up in the church of St. Paul at Rome, which is likely to prove one of the most imposing, as it is one of the most interesting, examples of the artist's decorative designs for churches. The design occupies a considerable portion of the further wall of the South Room at the New Gallery, yet it is a reduction to one-ninth of the size of the projected mosaic. Apart from such matters as scale and position, lighting and material—the two last considerations must alone prove potent influences—something of an imaginative process is necessary in order to realize from the sketch the full effect of the finished work. The sculpture in the entrance-hall comprises the upper portion of Mr. Onslow Ford's beautiful memorial of Shelley, the figure of the drowned poet, in marble, and some admirable sketches by Mr. Roscoe Mullins, among which we note a delightful "Comus" (370), and an excellent design for the pediment of the Harris Free Library and Museum. Passing to the West Room, we notice, among other tolerably familiar canvases, Mr. John Collier's portrait of Mr. Alma Tadema (40); "The Shadow of the Saint" (17), and "An Unpainted Masterpiece" (58), two recent and well-remembered paintings by Mr. P. Burne-Jones; Mr. Ayerst Ingram's brilliant little marine sketch "In Channel"; "A Portrait" (80), a charming example by Mr. Mouat Loudan, fine in colour; and characteristic landscapes by Professor Costa, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. W. Llewellyn—"The River Camel, Cornwall" (43), a sensitive record, compact of truth and poetry—Mr. David Murray, Mr. Priestman, and Mr. Hope McLachlan, whose study of a watery land under a moonlit sky of torn and fleecy clouds—"Under an April Sky" (87)—is marked by delicate observation and excellent technical skill. Here also is Mr. Ridley Corbet's "Sunrise in the Severn Valley" (9), a landscape that is new to us, a painting that shows power and perception of no ordinary order in suggesting the solemnity and stillness of the hour of dawn, before "the wind blows cold" and woodland and river are stirred.

In the North Room there is little that calls for note, in addition to the works by Mr. Watts, Mr. Clausen, and Mr. Lorimer already mentioned, with the exceptions of Mr. Jacomb Hood's very striking and expressive portrait of Mr. Seymour Haden (154), an admirable landscape with cattle, rich and low in tone, by Mr. Edgar C. Wills (162), and a capital Venetian study, "Bathers" (174), by Mr. Matthew Hale. In the South Room there are water-colours; and for those who are sequacious of Mr. Ferdinand Khnopff's cryptic drawings, there are two dazzling and, we conceive, entirely satisfactory specimens of the Belgian pastellist in his most enigmatic manifestations. We cannot profess to be able to fathom the sweet influences which such drawings yield, according to the more devoted of Mr. Khnopff's admirers.

AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

OF old, man was classified among creatures as the monoplist of laughter. The new man is more correctly ranged as a letter-writing animal; a function which is usually associated with the antithesis to laughter. In this respect, if in no other, Cardinal Newman was an embodiment in name and habit of the race and age. He never laughed; but he wrote a pile of letters large enough to make a respectable paper Alp. It is the pen rather than the sword that the Peace Society of the future will have to regulate. Meantime, there are certain classes of letter-writers who are in fairer fortune than are their fellows—namely, those who can treat the pen as an instrument of sport. The lover, most prolific of letter-writers, is in full pursuit. The man of law, who fills the letter-boxes, is bringing to earth his client's foeman; and haply the publisher addresses himself to an author "with a little meat on him yet." The theologian, especially in times of controversy, is a keen sportsman with the pen—all the keener because the actual chase is traditionally unclerical. Where, as was common in Wesley's days, even games ranked as a dissipation, the instinct of man to master something or some body showed itself in tracts and treatises without end. It was as a rather prim Evangelical that Newman himself began to pass his days with pen and ink as his sole armoury of pursuit and propagation. The two large volumes of Miss Mozley's *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman* show to what lengths the diversion of daily letter-writing may be carried. The habit, formed at Oxford, was never broken; and not the least curious documents concerning the Birmingham Oratory would be the stationery bills of its founder. According to his habits, he probably preserved them; and they would gain point as belonging to a man who made no expenditure on himself, and who chose Birmingham as a place of residence when he left Oscott because it would cost so much to carry his books out of the neighbourhood.

The collection of a really representative set of Cardinal Newman's letters, written during the Roman Catholic half of his life, is in progress at the Birmingham Oratory. Meantime, a few score of letters, more or less, do not count for much among the multitudes that exist; so that the promiscuous holders of them have been allowed more than common freedom of casual publication. No biography of a recent Roman Catholic is complete without a little string of them; and no controversy is held to have run its natural course in a Roman Catholic paper—hardly even in the *Guardian*—until some one produces, carefully docketed, from a pigeon-hole a hitherto unpublished communication from Oxford or Birmingham as precise in its sentiment as in its calligraphy. The latest published of these letters are to be found in the *Irish Monthly*. They were addressed to Dr. Charles Russell (an uncle of Mr. Gladstone's Attorney-General), for some time President of Maynooth College, who took a part in Newman's conversion by sending him tracts, and to whom Newman dedicated one of his books. Dr. Russell had perhaps a certain kindness towards the Conservatism which created Maynooth, for those were days when an Irish priest was not necessarily a politician nor was Home Rule the dream of an English statesman. Certainly, when Mr. Gladstone began his Anti-Vatican crusade, in the early 'seventies, Dr. Russell was shocked; and we have the singular spectacle of Cardinal Newman sitting down to minimize the meaning of Mr. Gladstone's words, and to devise an apology which the Prime Minister of the moment may

consider rather timely in its publication. What Mr. Gladstone would dearly like to repudiate in Ireland, if only Wales and Scotland would not awkwardly overhear, and make him repudiate the repudiation, Providence has repudiated for him, out of the very mouth of the Roman Church itself, by the word of Cardinal Newman, who writes to Dr. Russell, in the February of 1875:—

As to Gladstone, if he writes, I think he will say that he has been quite misunderstood; that he did not speak of the great mass of English, nor again of Irish, Catholics—indeed, that he had expressly excepted them from the subjects of his animadversion in various passages of his pamphlet—that he was glad to find that he had elicited from them the patriotic spirit of which he was already so sure, but his words held good still against those at whom they were originally aimed—that I myself had pointed out who they were—that I had spoken of them as extravagant and tyrannous, and as having set the house on fire; those are the objects of his attack. That the Pope is at their head, therefore he calls them "Vaticanists"; that nothing has been made good by me or any one else to dislodge him from this position, which is the position he originally took up; that what is witnessed in England is witnessed all over Europe; that the tomes of theologians are not the appropriate dépôts of evidence or loci for appeal in this matter, but the Ultramontane newspapers; that it has been all along notorious that Rome was cautious, logical, unassailable in doctrine; but the present question was as to the political use, or rather abuse, of her doctrine, &c. &c.

If future editions of Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Odes* retain his own notes, posterity will have another and a varying record of the impression made by these events on the only contemporary Roman Catholic with a larger literary name than Newman's. The footnote is to *The Standards*—which, as it says, "was written soon after the publication of an incendiary pamphlet by Mr. Gladstone against the English Catholics." The curious who would solve the riddle of these utterly divergent appreciations may look for it in Newman's tenderness for all that had upon it in any form the hall-mark of Oxford, and particularly of Oxford in his own days. A Conservative himself, his personal sympathies were throughout with the Minister whom Oxford knew rather than with Lord Beaconsfield whom Oxford knew not. When he started the Catholic University in Ireland, the staff was one long array of men who made a sort of mimic Oxford in the midst of Dublin. Even in dedicating a book he was led, if he could be, by the old local tradition. The names of Oxford friends appear naturally enough on his dedication pages over and over again; but when he asks an Irish priest, racy of the soil, to accept a dedication, the link is ingeniously found. The terms of the inscription of *Loss and Gain* to Dr. Russell are familiar; and now we have the letter in which permission to use those terms was asked, because of "the fitness and desirableness of the book's being dedicated to one who has ever shown such sympathy with Oxford thought and Oxford men. As I love Oxford myself with a sort of filial love, so I love one who, of all men whom I know external to Oxford, has felt the most kindly to Oxford."

The Cardinal's allusion in one of his letters to the production of his books as rather an accident of a life devoted to other toils, recalls what was said of a great novelist—that he wrote his last work to make amends for a bad apple year. In regard to a rumour that he was writing a book in 1862—at no time an unlikely rumour, one would say, about so voluminous an author—the Cardinal tells his Irish correspondent that it "puzzles" him; adding somewhat sententiously, and with a delightful sense of the time required for news to travel from London to Dublin:—"I believe his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman formally announced the fact (*sic*) some years ago; but he could have said so on no good authority, for nothing can be further from the state of the case. There are indeed," he proceeds to say, "half-a-dozen books I wish to write, but I have no preference for one over another, and in matter of fact am far too busy with the routine work of each day as it comes, to be able to begin any one of them. And really, had I ever so much time, I doubt which of them I should take. Hitherto I have hardly, if ever, written a book without being fixed to it by external circumstances, and now external circumstances, instead of pointing in any particular direction, rather dissuade me from writing any." An external circumstance came soon enough with Kingsley's *Macmillan* article. In a letter to Dr. Russell, dated May 1864 (the Irish magazine, of course, gives it as 1864), Newman owns

"I am writing from morning to night." A little later, when he is revising his "General Answer to Mr. Kingsley" for inclusion in the *Apologia* volume, he says of the various criticisms coming to him from within his own camp:—"I have altered some things, but only with the purpose of expressing my own meaning more exactly. This is all I have to aim at; because I have reason to know that, after a severe, not to say hostile, scrutiny, I have been found to be without matter of legitimate offence. In a day like this, in which such serious efforts are made to narrow that liberty of thought and speech which is open to a Catholic, I am indisposed to suppress my own judgment in order to satisfy objectors." A specification of these efforts made to narrow liberty of thought and speech, and of the persons who conducted the "not to say hostile" scrutiny, would form an interesting, and not necessarily an unedifying, footnote to history; but it is one which Father Matthew Russell, S.J., in editing his uncle's correspondence, does not attempt to supply. Cardinal Newman certainly did not shrink from setting before his followers an example of frankness; for, in all the letters he wrote he had the sure prospect—one need not say hope—of publication before his eyes; in all, at least, save one. Yet the letter to Bishop Ullathorne at the Vatican Council, which he described as the most private he ever wrote in his life, and which got surreptitiously into print, is one of the first in value and interest of all the thousands he ever penned; a fact which does not seem to add to the reputation of the common letter as a spontaneous revelation of the writer's thoughts.

REVIEWS.

PEER GYNT.*

THE range of the work of Dr. Ibsen, which is open to those persons who will not give themselves the trouble to learn Norwegian ("a very easy language," say our translators magnanimously) increases yearly, and almost six-monthly. *Love's Comedy*, unless we mistake, still waits, as do the poems and some other things; but almost all the most characteristic work of this certainly very remarkable writer has now been Englished. Unless we misread a pathetic little aside of the Messrs. Archer, they were rather afraid that the glory of translating *Peer Gynt* would be snatched from them, as that of translating *Brand* already has. Were it not for this, we take the further liberty of entertaining certain doubts whether they would have been in a hurry to attempt it. Not, let us hasten to say, because of the difficulty of the task, though this must certainly have been very great, as we shall note a little more fully in a moment; but for a reason of which we shall also have more to say presently. *Peer Gynt* is undoubtedly "for thoughts," both to Ibsenites (when they have any capacity for thinking) and for thoughtful students of literature (when they constrain themselves, as it is a pity they should not oftener, to disregard the rant and cant about Ibsen, and take him as literature, which, though often flawed and spoilt literature, he certainly is).

The play was produced at what, in the hideous half-educated slang of the day, is called a "psychological moment." It was published in 1867, and must have been written a little earlier, either at the same time with or a little after *Brand*, which appeared a year before it. The Messrs. Archer think that "the publication of two such poems within the space of two consecutive years is surely unique in the history of letters." We hardly think so; but we have observed that an exhaustive and critical acquaintance with "the history of letters" is not the most distinguishing feature of your Ibsenite. However this may be, the two works are certainly very remarkable works, and the fermenting influences under which they were produced are very remarkable too. Dr. Ibsen was when he wrote them just past "the middle of the road"—at the very acme, therefore, of physical and mental power; and he had just been subjected to the stimulant which has such an extraordinary power on Germans and Scandinavians and Americans, and which is often not without intoxicating effect even on the better balanced and more richly estate temperament and intellectual tradition of their English cousins. Fresh from the parochialism of Norway, Ibsen seems to have felt Rome and Naples, with all their Imperial and classical traditions, excite whatsoever power there was in him; and in these first sprightly runnings of his

matured genius the dismal *goût du terroir* which afterwards manifested itself in the "social" plays was little perceptible. It showed, indeed, more in *Brand* than in *Peer Gynt*, which is, to our thinking, quite the greatest thing that the poet has done. *Peer Gynt*, no doubt, has limitations, and unlucky ones. At the best it is a formless extravaganza, and unluckily its formlessness and its extravagance are not original. As in *Brand*, as everywhere in Ibsen—where he is at his best—the influence of *Faust* is paramount. To say "No Goethe no Ibsen" might be a little unkind; it would hardly be at all unfair. Indeed, the influence of Goethe, like the influence of Italy, was a distinctly good one on the Norwegian poet. The effects of both showed that he was of the second, not the first, order of genius—that he wanted models and leaders, that he could but follow. But both produced in him the best work he has done, and to do great work after a greater model is the mark of the secondary geniuses, just as to do great work after no model at all is the mark of the first. The Messrs. Archer think the analogies between *Faust* and *Peer Gynt* "fanciful or fortuitous." This (if they have read the Second Part of *Faust*) can be only an alliterative way of saying *Pereat qui ante Ibsenium Ibsenii origines creaverit*. We can only say that, while M. Ehrhardt, whose opinion on the subject shocks them, wrote or published in the present year, the Faustian origin of *Peer Gynt* was plain to ourselves from the very first account we read, years and years ago, of the play, long before we ever perused it.

It is time, however, to give some notion of the piece itself, which is at least as much in need of an argument as its original. *Peer Gynt*, "a strongly built youth of twenty," as Ibsen after his fashion introduces him to us, opens the ball in a wrangle with his mother Ase. Peer, the last scion of a once respectable family who have spent most of their goods, is a sportsman, a Lothario, a "schamer," as they would say in Ireland, and a most incorrigible liar, being apt half to dream and half consciously to appropriate the rich stores of Norwegian folklore as having happened to himself. We have not turned two pages before he tells in this way a story of his having been carried by a reindeer along a sort of "Striding Edge" among the mountains. He is roused from this to more practical considerations by his mother telling him that Ingrid, a girl of expectations whom he might have won, is going to be married next day. Peer is stung, and after much by-play goes to the wedding. He sees here a newcomer, a girl named Solveig, with whom he instantly falls in love; but he falls out of this into one of his wild fits, and, the bridegroom being an utter nincompoop, avails himself of the fact to carry off the bride bodily into the fjeld. And this ends the first act, and, as the old books would say, the second day. The next morning a sufficiently offensive scene shows us Peer casting off Ingrid with the most brutal contumely, having had enough of her. He is outlawed for his crime, and the poet leaves us in pretended doubt whether the next few scenes are objectively or only subjectively real. Starting by an orgie of a tolerably matter-of-fact kind, with a crew of sester-girls, Peer slips simply *ins Blaue*. He meets a "green-clad one," who is the Troll king's daughter, courts her, and goes through an elaborate and in the end painful initiation as a Troll neophyte. Having escaped with considerable difficulty, and with the warning that flirtations with Trolls bring consequences, he has to fight with an indefinite fiend called the Boyg, who nearly gets the better of him. But he is saved by a kind of apparition of Solveig, with whom he soon after has a chance of living happily, though outlawed. But his Troll love appears, frightens him away, and he starts for America after seeing his mother die. This brings us to the end of the third act, between which and the fourth many years pass. The fourth opens on the coast of Morocco, where Peer, a "handsome middle-aged gentleman," is entertaining on board his yacht a comic Englishman, with a ditto Frenchman, German, and Swede, who are inexpressibly dreadful. They contrive to set their entertainer ashore and desert him, but are blown up in the yacht in his sight, and Peer proceeds to experience much that is very new in Africa. He plays prophet, and is fooled by a very agreeable Moorish maiden named Anitra, escapes her wiles somewhat plume-fallen, and has sensations in a Cairo madhouse. Then the fourth act closes. By the beginning of the fifth we find him off the Norwegian coast, an old man, with apparently a fresh fortune, on his way home. The incidents now, exactly as in the latest scenes of the Second Part of *Faust*, begin to get uncanny. When the ship is wrecked, and even before, an uncomfortable fellow-passenger who is not on the manifest makes grawsome remarks, which he repeats when Peer is floating ashore. After this things get even worse, and at last there appears a most uncomfortable "button-moulder," who is a more Faustian personage than ever. He points out to Peer that he, the eminent Gynt, has only tried to be "himself" (there is a good deal of

* *Peer Gynt*. By Henrik Ibsen. Authorized Translation by William and Charles Archer. London: Walter Scott. 1892.

moralizing about this throughout the piece), and has not succeeded, that his going to Heaven is quite out of the question, and that he is not distinct and original enough for Hell. He must just be melted up again, and fresh button moulded of him. This does not suit Peer at all, and he manages to elude the button-moulder several times, on this or that excuse. At last, however, his last shift breaks down, or is on the point of doing so, when Solveig (of whom we have had glimpses throughout as waiting and praying for him) appears, gathers him to her bosom, solves the button-moulder's riddle by declaring that Peer, his true self, has been all the while in her own heart, "in her faith, hope, and love." The button-moulder departs, muttering threats, but the last word is Solveig's.

Now, it would be an insult to the intelligent reader to tell him the fact, which he no doubt anticipates, that this ending disturbs the Ibsenites dreadfully. It is worse than *The Wild Duck*, about which they all say as little as possible, having an uncomfortable idea that their master is laughing at them—as he is, consumedly. It is worse than *The Lady from the Sea*, which they all wish had ended by the heroine going off with that impossible sailor. For it is sheer spiritualism, nay, flat Christianity. Imputed righteousness, vicarious salvation, all manner of horrid notions, throng the distracted mind of the Ibsenite as he contemplates it; and he feels that he might as well be orthodox, even if he has not the additional pain of remembering that it is the *Chorus mysticus* over again, the end of the *Cold Heart* and of *Sintram*, and of all manner of things romantic, rococo, and devilish.

Accordingly Ibsenites show high displeasure with the end itself. "A crowningly unreal self-realization," says Mr. Bernard Shaw, and though we are not quite sure what Mr. Bernard Shaw meant, the master evidently receives a rebuke. "Peer's return to Solveig," say the Messrs. Archer tearfully, "is surely a shirking, not a solution, of the ethical problem. It would be impossible to the Ibsen of to-day," and indeed we think, regrettably, that it would. Moreover, the disciples cannot let their master weave this brilliant and variegated phantasmagoria round them without trying to bring it down to their and his baser apprehension by all manner of non-natural and allegorical "intentions." That it is as *Faust* is, as all great life-histories are, simply a history of life, a sketch of the mistakes and recklessnesses of youth, of the recurrences, corrections, and cowardices of middle age, of the chill disillusionments and forebodings as the shadows lengthen, of the (in fortunate cases) awakening to the fact that nothing exists but love and God, and that God and love are one—they cannot, and will not, think. They would not be "Ibsenites" or "modern" if they could. So they have invented the most astonishing exegeses. It is a satire on the Norwegian people. It is a satire on—bless us all!—any people "in the end of the Romantic period." It is a counterblast to something of Björnson's. It is Heaven only knows what else. The simple fact being (and they naturally being willing to die rather than recognize it) that *Peer Gynt* is a work of romantic art, not of the very greatest, being imitative, to begin with, and flawed in various ways, but great for all that, and falling in with all the other great works of romantic art in being very considerably irreducible to any little peddling scheme of satire and purpose and what not. It was, we think, the last work in which the Romantic sun shone fully on Ibsen; the Ibsenites have a kind of inkling of that fact, and let such credit as may be due to them therefor be paid.

NOVELS.*

YOUNG persons with literary pretensions are accustomed to speak and write disparagingly of sensational novels. But, in spite of such weighty disapproval, they still hold their ground in an age which is nothing if not "educated." Most of us have a hankering after horrors of some sort, and if an individual objects to a book as too horrible, it is usually because it offers him horrors of a different description from those which he specially affects. Unconsciously he is not disgusted, but disappointed. At any rate, the sensational is ever more palatable than the shallow and pompous dulness of those didactic and *epoch-making* discourses known only by courtesy as novels. We welcome, therefore, a

* *Out of the Jaws of Death.* By Frank Barrett. London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

A Woman's Ambition. By Henry Cresswell. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1892.

King Zub: and other Stories. By Walter Herries Pollock. "The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour." London: Henry & Co. 1892.

My Flirtations. By Margaret Wynman. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

The Silent Sea. By Mrs. Alick MacLeod. London: Richard Bentley. 1892.

novel like Mr. Frank Barrett's *Out of the Jaws of Death*. It will keep us awake without effort after an evening spent at a popular theatre; but it raises no doubt as to the authenticity of the books ascribed to the minor Prophets, and deals no crushing blow at even the most effete of religions. Its commonplace title is no just criterion of an originally treated and cleverly constructed plot, while the writing is sufficiently correct and forcible. The river-side dialect occasionally appearing in the first volume seems to a reader unversed in either, curiously similar to that spoken in highly educated circles of society in the United States of North America, and when written phonetically is not more difficult to understand. Though three hairbreadth escapes, a kidnapping, two apparent murders, and an attempted suicide occur in the first seven chapters, they form only an introduction to further and more sensational episodes. Mortal struggles in less cultured slums, dynamite explosions in transpontine studios, deportations to Siberia and triumphant returns, keep up the interest to the last page. The character of the villain, always ready and usually able to explain his actions, is an excellent piece of mystification. His final disappearance would form a thrilling climax to an Adelphi melodrama. The heroine's devotion to her chivalrous protector, even to the extent of purposely creating a suspicion in his mind of her own treachery and dishonour, is lightly and effectively dealt with. The necessity for such self-sacrifice can only be realized by those who will follow the web of intrigue woven by Russian spies and Nihilist societies, and so skilfully unravelled by Mr. Frank Barrett. Mr. Barrett has evidently read Boisgobey to good purpose without incurring the charge of imitating that ingenious writer. Certain touches indicate that he might excel in more serious romance; but we should be sorry if his latent sympathies with "work" and "earnestness of purpose" should by this means be developed, and that then he should cease to amuse.

The review of a novel may with propriety be specially addressed to the author, the publisher, or the public, according as it is good, bad, or indifferent. For the thoroughly bad novel the publisher must alone be held responsible, because it is always produced at the expense and risk of the harmless lunatic, its author. As to the indifferent novel, the matter is not quite so simple. A great majority of novels published belong to this class, and, except perhaps in the way of temper and advertisement, the review does not concern the author and publisher at all. Readers of such books seldom read reviews, and, in any case, do not mark the opinion of the critics; while the public which is amused by the notices does not read the books. To this category belongs the last thing in theological, psychical, or sensational fiction; it embraces also the bad work of the best writers and the better work of the bad. From this store it is that the young man at the library satisfies the amiable lady who "wants a book" or "So-and-so's new book." No anonymous scribe can hope to influence the fate of those books, or that their author will receive his remarks with that patient attention and gratitude which they no doubt deserve. On the other hand, a good book (not necessarily a great book) is always worth talking about. The author of such work likes to have his strokes marked, so to speak, and he cannot mind very much if he is found fault with a little, and very gently, in the wrong place. Mr. Cresswell's latest novel, *A Woman's Ambition*, may fairly be ranked among the good books of the season, and, therefore, we address our observations more especially to him. He seems to have set himself the task of showing, not only that a woman may value her children's love and respect, and a man his independence and authority more than money, but that the woman will commit a crime to preserve the one, and the man behave shamelessly to preserve the other, and that both will even sacrifice a fortune to attain their end. It is true that the woman's eccentricity amounted in the end to insanity, but she was sane enough for all practical purposes when she was guilty of murder. The book would have been very much more effective had Mr. Cresswell been able to command a better method of narrative. An author with a good dramatic or sensational story to tell should endeavour to catch something of the theatrical method of Dumas or the synthetical method of Wilkie Collins. The atmosphere must be artificial, whatever it may seem. Now, Mr. Cresswell, who writes well, for the most part, when he does not fall into the use of the historic present, never seems able to get away from the tea-table; the atmosphere of the drawing-room is often fatal to his best effects. He has the bad habit, too, of describing each character as he brings him on the scene. It is the more superfluous, since he has other and better means for their development and giving them individuality. Mrs. King, the heroine, is drawn with power and insight, and, but for the melodramatic handling in the last chapter, would have been wholly admirable. Pauline Villars, the money-lender's daughter, is also very well done, and the idea of making her

suspect her father of the murder at the same time that her lover, Fred King, is tortured with a similar fear on behalf of his brother, is well conceived. Mrs. Townley, her inconsequent aunt, is amusing and distinctive; while the Villars brothers are in their way creations. The printer has collaborated once or twice in the spelling and French, and the binder stains the hands of the gentle reader with an unpleasant hue of crimson lake.

Journalists and political economists are, perhaps, the only prophets who live to see their predictions unfulfilled. There must be plenty of the former alive who denounced the cult of the short story, and promised for it only an evanescent popularity. The short story, they said, belonged to France. It was contraband in this country no less than realism, naturalism, and other *ismes*. These critics rallied round their three-volume novel, looking on it as a kind of literary expression of *Rosbif*, as part of the Constitution that was being undermined by a foreign kickshaw. This was a strange position for those who try (even if they do not succeed) to hold the faith of Sir Walter Scott, and speak the language of Edgar Allan Poe. All this came from our great national sin of judging a work of art entirely by its size. Quantity not quality is wanted by the British public. "A great religious painter" meant and still means to many people a painter of religious subjects on a large scale. It is a terrible mistake; but better taste and Mr. Rudyard Kipling have done much to dispel the illusion. Lately some of our elder novelists have turned their attention to the Cinderella of fiction, and every year sees much of their best work appearing in shorter form; while the appearance of short stories from time to time in an essentially popular series, such as the "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour," is an earnest of growing appreciation. We cannot say that *King Zub: and other Stories*, by Walter Herries Pollock, has many Whitefriars characteristics. Not that these tales are by any means devoid of wit or humour, but they seem to hail from a more austere and ethical order of the literary Religious. The majority of them are tinged with a pathos and that element of the fantastic which, if connected at all with wit and humour, is related only by divorce. This applies particularly to "The Last Act" and "King Zub," with one exception the two best in the volume. Was it not Prosper Mérimée who objected to an effect being obtained by the agency of dumb animals? Though there is much to be said for the theory, we could give many instances against it, among others the story of King Zub. Who or what King Zub was we shall not say. With Mr. Gladstone, we should like nothing better than to hear the subject discussed. Perhaps only those who know and care for music can appreciate the psychology of "The Last Act." But the pathos of the tenor who has lost his voice is too human not to appeal to every one. "Sir Jocelyn's Cap," written with Mr. Walter Besant, is quite Hoffmannesque in its delightful inconsequence, or, to borrow the diction of an esteemed contemporary, is "writ with pellucid originality." "Three Meetings" is a rendering of Tourgnieff's "Trois Rencontres," which, on being compared with the original, will be found to be a scholarly and satisfactory version.

The older humour is not dead after all—at least the announcement was premature—and the lady who writes under the name of Margaret Wynman has vindicated her sex from the old charge of having no appreciation of humour, old or new. *My Flirtations* is one of the most amusing books we have come across for a long time, as it is assuredly the lightest of light literature. In a small volume of thirteen chapters Miss Wynman gives to the world, in the form of thirteen masterly little sketches, or skits, her impressions of latter-day Lotharios. *My Flirtations* is something quite fresh. The distinctive characteristics of the young men are carefully marked, and there is none of that terrible sameness too common in fiction and real life. "My father the R.A." and his studio are described with all the ill-nature and versimilitude of filial criticism. The most successful of the types are Gilbert Mandell, the artistic suitor, and Val Redmond, the ladies' man. There are few of us who have not met at one time or another the originals which may have suggested to the author these specimens of young England. Of Miss Wynman we have only one complaint. She should not attribute to her sister Christina the joke about the young man who tried to start a *salon* and only succeeded in running a restaurant. This is old, and it is not even quoted correctly. To be funny about Mr. Rider Haggard is equally stale. Miss Wynman can be so amusing on her own account that she need not go to others for her *bons mots*. We should like to know whether "an admiration for the log-rollers of the *Saturday Review*" means admiration for the writers or that which is written. Let us hope that it is a judicious mixture of both appreciations. *My Flirtations* has in Mr. Bernard Partridge a sympathetic illustrator, who in his own line is unrivalled.

Australia, though discovered many years ago, has not yet been

"invented." As a colony, it is highly successful; as a literary background, it is a failure. Adam Lindsay Gordon certainly made a gallant effort to create the landscape, but the result was only a series of brilliant negatives. "The thing can be done, and Australia should do it," would be a highly appropriate motto for the rising generation. No one who remembers the concluding chapters of Lord Lytton's *Strange Story* can deny the great possibilities of the country. If the gold is becoming exhausted, there are mines of Romance still unworked and waiting for some writer with a little enterprise. And we all know the princely fortunes promised to writers of fiction. It has not been given to Mrs. Alick MacLeod in *The Silent Sea* to arouse in us any great intellectual excitement, or to make the life or the landscape picturesque or even human; but, as stories about Australia go, hers is certainly diverting. There is considerable observation, and the attempts at characterization are interesting. The main plot of the story is quite simple. Victor FitzGibbon becomes engaged to Miss Helen Paget, lady older than himself. Subsequently he comes across the younger and more attractive Doris, and falls in love with her. Doris, however, conveniently dies. Besides this, there is a very elaborate and highly ingenious sub-plot about a gold-mine that would only be spoilt in the telling. Mrs. MacLeod has rather abused the privileged convention of three volumes by spinning her story out to an absurd, if requisite, length. It is better to read the story backwards, beginning at vol. ii. or iii., and leaving vol. i. to the last. Though there is no "looking backwards," it gives one the impression of having been written after the manner of *Caleb Williams*.

ALBUQUERQUE.*

MR. H. MORSE STEPHENS has made a very readable book out of the foundation of the Portuguese power in India. According to the practice of the series to which it belongs, it is called a Life of Affonso de Albuquerque, but the Governor is only the central and most important figure in a brief history of the Portuguese in the East down to the time when the Dutch and English intruded on their preserves. The author has a becoming enthusiasm for his man and his subject. He is perhaps using language of undue emphasis when he describes the period in which Albuquerque "fought and ruled in the East" as of "entrancing interest," unless the words are to be understood in a very general sense and of the whole doings of the time. The greatest feats of the Portuguese are tame beside the conquest of Mexico; and nothing they did will compare in colour, in variety of incident, and sudden romantic change with the conquest of Peru. Albuquerque, his predecessors, and successors are but "officers and gentlemen," respectable, but almost commonplace by the side of that extraordinary brood of brothers and half-brothers (on the wrong side of the blanket), the Pizarros. Yet the first resolute effort of the Europeans to seize upon the trade of India in India is of "great historical importance." On that point Mr. Stephens can be emphatic without fear of contradiction, and he is fortunate in having it as a subject. Allowing for the limitations of size, and so forth, in which he works, he has done it justice.

It is only by something like a figure of speech that Albuquerque can be described as a ruler of India. The capture of Goa was, no doubt, the beginning of European conquest in the Peninsula; but in itself it was little more than the occupation of a strong place in which the Portuguese could store their goods and refit their ships safe from interruption by native princes. There is more doubt as to the wisdom of the conquest than Mr. Stephens is disposed to acknowledge. We do not complain that Mr. Stephens asserts an opinion of his own, since he puts the facts before his reader with impartiality, and so enables him to form an opinion for himself. From these facts it would be easy to make out a strong case for the contention that Albuquerque was a less really wise man than his predecessor in command, Francisco de Almeida. This officer was strongly opposed to a policy of conquest, and gave most sagacious reasons for his opposition, which Mr. Stephens quotes with laudable candour. "With respect to the fortress in Quilon," so he wrote to the King, "the greater the number of fortresses you hold, the weaker will be your power; let all our forces be on the sea; because if we should not be powerful at sea (which may the Lord forbid) everything will at once be against us; . . . Let it be known for certain, that as long as you may be powerful at sea, you will hold India as yours; and if you do not possess this power, little will avail you a fortress on shore." Wiser words than these were never written by any servant to any king. If one wanted to explain in the

* *Rulers of India—Albuquerque*. By H. Morse Stephens, Lecturer on Indian History at Cambridge. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

fewest possible words why the Portuguese power in India withered under Dutch and English attack, one could not do it better than by quoting Francisco de Almeida, and then adding that his advice was not taken. When the time of trial came the forces of the Portuguese were locked up in fortresses. At sea they had only ill-armed and undermanned trading ships. It was, no doubt, necessary for the Portuguese to possess some safe "strength"; but it ought to have been sought in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean, which might have been colonized from home, and made strong enough to stand for a time by itself. Then a quarter of the resources wasted on forts from Ormuz to Malacca would have enabled the Portuguese to maintain an efficient squadron of men-of-war, with which they might have made head against the Dutch and English East India Companies. Now it was Albuquerque who put Portugal on the road which led it first to showy prosperity and then to ruin. In his case it is no excuse to say that the Dutch and English attacks could not be foreseen. The Portuguese had been attacked at sea by the Egyptian fleet, and then Francisco de Almeida did foresee the danger with prophetic sagacity. If Albuquerque did not, he must, we are afraid, be counted the less wise man.

But if the course he chose was essentially unwise, it cannot be denied that he followed it with great energy, and that he showed eminent faculty in dealing with the details. He was quick to discover that much could safely be risked against native enemies, who, if once you get them on the run, can be kept on the run. His seizure of Malacca was a dashing piece of work, and the two sieges of Goa were creditable. In these cases there were substantial results to show; but his first cruise in the Red Sea, when he was serving under the authority of Almeida, was even more to his honour. Without a dockyard, with bad ships and insubordinate officers, he kept the sea for two years, and succeeded in occupying Socotra. Mr. Stephens does not conceal the flaws in his hero's character, of which some were ugly enough. Albuquerque's ferocity to his Mahometan prisoners may, perhaps, be excused by the medieval training of Spain and Portugal. It does not appear that the Mahometans were themselves shocked by what was, in truth, an imitation of their own practices. But to murder the Minister of a sovereign with whom you are in negotiations was always thought wrong—while, to encourage a son to poison his father was, and will be, an act of atrocious wickedness. Albuquerque did both these things. To be sure, the father was only the heathen Zamorin; but, if Dom Affonso had consulted doctors of learning and gravity at Coimbra, they would, we think, have told him that parricide is always parricide. Mr. Stephens might be more precise about the blackness of this crime. We do not suppose that any reader will be led to underrate the wickedness of parricide by Mr. Stephens's leniency to Albuquerque, while he will obtain from him a pleasantly-written and trustworthy book on an interesting man and time.

WALES AND HER LANGUAGE.*

AS might be gathered from the title-page, this is a very hard book to review; and it is, as a matter of fact, even harder than that would suggest, as the author has mercilessly heaped together all his gleanings in Wales and her language. We begin the volume at the beginning, and make the author's acquaintance in the first lines of his preface as follows:—

'A preface is the place for apologies and explanations plus anything else that may set off the author's vanity. I shall not apologize to the Welsh nation, because I feel rather indignant that none of them has attempted a similar work, and I shall not apologize to the English public, as this was not primarily intended to meet their eye. If they read it, it must be at their own risk, whether they find it dull or unintelligible, especially as I have in certain instances given quotations without translations, though it might be affectation to deny that a circulation in England would be gratifying.'

This, and what follows, leave on the reader's mind the impression that the author has a will of his own, and that he has the courage to speak out his mind; but one is disappointed to find him wasting words on mere trifles, as illustrated by later passages in the preface, to the following effect:—

'In the case of certain names the author has either dropped the usual prefix of St., or put it in quotation marks. Some of the persons to whom this prefix is applied were beyond question Saints, i.e. they lived in a heavenly atmosphere above the general spirit of the world. There are, however, some serious objections to the use of the term as a formal dis-

* *Wales and her Language considered from an Historical, Educational and Social Standpoint; with Remarks on Modern Welsh Literature and a Linguistic Map of the Country.* By John E. Southall. Newport, Mon.: Southall.

tinction—one is, that thereby the men who put such epithets into circulation as current coin are in effect telling the world, "these men and women were holy Saints, they lived in quite an unreachable plane, or one to which a very few need aspire, therefore you may be satisfied to remain as you are—unholy sinners." Another objection is that the authority, which guarantees the fact of so-and-so being a saint, is the ex cathedra voice of the man who, on a given occasion, professed to hold the power of the Keys. . . . It will also be noticed that I have abstained from calling any places built of stone and mortar *Churches*. I believe that a religion which attaches any sanctity to PLACES is nearly nineteen hundred years out of date, at least, when an opportunity is afforded to know better.'

These words are dated "6 mo., 1892," so we gather that the author is probably a Quaker, and we rejoice to have for once come across a writer who is not a Churchman or a commonplace sort of Dissenter; but, as our interest in him increases, we note the difficulties under which he labours. Thus, in speaking of a school inspector, he cannot avail himself of "the usual abbreviation H.M.I.," because "it involves acquiescence in the term *His* or *Her Majesty*, applied to a frail, mortal creature"; and on one and the same page we find the "Bishop of 'St.' Asaph," who by the way was never Professor of Welsh at Lampeter, as implied by Mr. Southall; a "Welsh 'Sunday School' class," which should have been a Welsh "1st day class," and "the month called 'August,'" followed hard by a "period in 'October.'" With regard to *St. Asaph*, perhaps it serves him right to be distinguished; and *Sunday* could not expect to be mildly treated; but what has *August* done to be pilloried in this way; and why should poor *October* never be forgiven his old-fashioned reckoning? This may seem frivolous; but life is too short for one to indulge in "the month called 'August,'" or any other described in that way. There may be some satisfaction in the thought that one is not as other men are; but there is a sad reflection inseparable from it—namely, how vastly more numerous is the camp of the wicked who write *August* without inverted commas and take their *Sundays* easy! Then, to take a somewhat less elevated view of the ethics of this question, why should a little of this concern for words not have been extended by the author to the correction of the press? He might then have saved himself from speaking of "an hot-headed Eisteddfodwr" to a people not given to dropping their aspirates, and also have prevented Lady Llanover from being made masculine. As it is, the misprints are considerably more numerous than they ought to be.

As to matter, the contents of the book vary greatly, but chapters iii., iv., and v. are fairly consecutive, as may be gathered from their headings, "Education Fifty Years Ago," "The Bilingual Movement," and "The Bilingual Movement (continued)." The author begins, in chapter iii., with the Commission of 1846 to inquire into the state of education in the Principality, and cites several passages from the Report of the Commissioners. The account which he gives of their work, and of the attitude assumed by the Welsh press when the Report was published, is very instructive. The Commissioners were, doubtless, now and then misled by partisans, which was all the more natural as they had no knowledge of the language of the people, and only too often they showed themselves unsympathetic; but, on the whole, their Reports leave the impression that they were honest men and outspoken. In the pursuit of their inquiry they probed the social condition of the Welsh, and found that good deal of immorality prevailed among the people. The Report accordingly gave profound offence in the Principality, and naturally; for, though the facts could not be to any considerable extent denied, it looked as if an opportunity had been sought of exposing the sins of Wales, and of holding it up as an awful example of immorality and ignorance to the rest of the United Kingdom. If the same kind of inquiry had been conducted in East Anglia or Devonshire, the same or a worse state of things would have been found to exist; at any rate, that was the Welsh belief. Moreover, the Government made a mistake by ordering an inquiry into the means afforded the labouring classes of acquiring a knowledge of the English language. Mr. Southall cites Bishop Thirlwall on this point (p. 48) to the following effect:—

'I think this addition was unnecessary, because the investigation of this point must have formed a main part of a full enquiry into the state of education in Wales; while the putting it thus prominently forward was attended with two unhappy effects: one is that it lent a handle to those who wish to represent the Commission as an engine framed for the purpose, among others equally injurious, of depriving the people of Wales of their ancient language. The other is, that it tended to suggest or confirm an exaggerated conception of the efficacy of schools, in producing a change in the language of the country.'

Nevertheless, we believe that the Commission, though bitterly resented, did good in the long run; for once the question of

education was raised, it could not readily be laid. The Commission led the way in Wales to the establishment of schools under the auspices of the National Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society. These held pretty nearly exclusive sway over elementary education there until the sweeping measures of 1870 altered the appearance of things educational to a certain extent. Mr. Southall traces the history of education down to the appointment of Lord Aberdare's Departmental Committee in 1880, which made the Intermediate Welsh Education Act passed by Lord Salisbury's Government inevitable in the present, and implies the establishment of a Welsh University in the future.

The author devotes much of his space to the discussion of the position which the Welsh language ought to occupy in Welsh education. He very justly criticizes the old-fashioned practice of trying to teach English by means of English to children who did not understand English, and gives the history of the rise of the Society for the Utilization of the Welsh Language. The object of this Society is to secure that Welsh-speaking children should be taught English by means of explanations in the Welsh language which they understand. Of course this was nothing very new, as all schoolmasters who understood their business utilized the vernacular, more or less, before. The Society has, however, done good in securing a recognized status for Welsh as a medium of instruction in Welsh schools. Credit for this, also, is due to Lord Salisbury's Government, which has almost entirely reversed the cramping system framed by Lord Sherbrooke in the days of his Liberal prosperity before his unfortunate experiment on lucifer matches. Some of the men connected with the Society last named are fond of talking "big" as to the great things to be expected from the use of Welsh in the schools; but that serves either to let off steam or else to show that they do not understand what they are talking about. You may credit Welsh people with sentiment *ad libitum*, and they may sweetly sing hymns to Mr. Gladstone to his heart's content, but they have always an eye to what pays. They think one thing essential, and that is to have their children taught English; no fine talk about the ancient language will make them lose sight of that object. So there is never any danger of Welsh arrogating too large a place in Welsh education. Mr. Southall is lucid and sound on these points, and his remarks are well worth reading.

The other chapters of Mr. Southall's book follow no particular order of subjects, so far as we can discover; the one on the Study of the Language and Literature is usually sound, but very unequal; but the one on Welsh nationality looks as if written chiefly because nationality is in some form or other the topic of the day. The chapter on the Geographical Limits of Welsh is highly interesting as far as it goes, especially when the author gives the results of his inquiries on the spot as to the date and limit of linguistic change within the last half-century, or thereabouts. The plan of his work would seem to have required far more of this kind of investigation than he gives; and as to his linguistic map, we cannot conceal our disappointment. We miss the linguistic islands we should have expected here and there, and altogether the map is not minute enough to add precision to one's general impressions of the boundaries. Besides, we should be inclined to question the width of the zone of less than 60 per cent. Welsh, as drawn between the English and Welsh parts of Pembrokeshire, for one is usually given to understand that the boundary there is mostly well defined.

We have so far said nothing of the earlier chapters, entitled "Philological Scraps" and "Historical" respectively. Here we at once fall foul of the author's philology, which opens with the following enumeration of the languages spoken in the British Isles in the last century as follows:—

English.	Gaelic in the Highlands.
Welsh in Wales, and parts of Shropshire and Herefordshire.	Erse in Ireland.
Cornish in Cornwall.	Norsk in the Orkneys.
Manx in the Isle of Man.	French in the Channel Islands.

We do not much like "Gaelic" and "Erse" in the way they are here used, for both are Gaelic and both are Erse; though no one speaking either Scotch Gaelic or Irish Gaelic acknowledges the term "Erse." But when we have come to "Norsk," which we presume is a Scandinavian word meaning "Norse," we expect the next item to read "Français in the Channel Islands," for there is just as much occasion for *Français* as there is for *Norsk*—that is to say, none at all. When we hear a young person enlarge on her knowledge of *Norsk*, we know that she is newly come home from Norway. So it is to be supposed that Mr. Southall has also been there, and we hope he has had a good time of it.

A little further on we come across an identification of Pelagius with *Morgan*, followed by some etymologizing after this wise:— "The real meaning of the name I take to have been Great

Head; *cearn* being the Gaelic form of Welsh *pen*—the head. Possibly he was a Monmouthshire man, as Gaelic was spoken here, according to Professor Rhys, as late as the fifth century; in any case, he was one of the numerous clan of 'Morganaid,' who have given their name to the *Gwlad Morgan*, known by the Saxon as Glamorganshire." This extract is marvellously well stocked with inaccuracies, and if Mr. Southall will consult a good authority, he will find that Pelagius is the Welsh Morien, the old form of which was *Morgen*, "Sea-born, or Offspring of the Sea," whereas the old form of *Morgan* was *Morcant*. He will be gratified, perhaps, to find that the translators of the Book of Common Prayer have anticipated him in wrongly calling the *Pelagians* of Article IX. *Morganaid*. But we must stop, for we could not hope to do justice to the many wonderful etymologies in the book; not to mention that we prefer to dwell on its merits. Among these last may be mentioned the placing on record of some rare bits of information collected by the author at first hand, a work for which he seems to have a special talent; witness his discovery that the Welsh name for Leominster was and is Llanllieni, as in the Radnorshire doggerel which he prints thus:—

How many miles, how many
Is it from Leominster to Llanllieni?

For this sort of information, Welsh antiquaries and philologists could not be too grateful to Mr. Southall; it would be infinitely more valuable than any amount of etymologizing by the light of nature can ever be. Lastly, we had almost forgotten to mention the credit due to Mr. Southall for the dogged perseverance which has enabled him to learn Welsh so thoroughly, especially in these days when the general tendency is to talk largely about things rather than to study them with painstaking attention.

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

IT is not reassuring, on the very threshold of this book, to be told that the author offers her most grateful thanks to Sir Frederick Burton, *R.A.*, to William Rosetti, Esq., and to Mr. Colwyn. Surely a writer on art might be aware that the accomplished Director of the National Gallery is not a Royal Academician, and still more might be expected to know how to spell the names of Mr. Rosetti and of Mr. Sidney Colvin. Such pre-fatory blunders prepare us for great carelessness in the body of the book itself, and, indeed, it is easy work to glean a sheaf of errors from its pages. Miss Gerard, having constantly to refer to a celebrated contemporary of Angelica's, can never make up her mind whether to write Rafael, or Raphael, or Rafael Mengs, and so uses the three forms as indifferently as people did in documents of the sixteenth century. "Äuermungen" for "Anmerkungen," and "Baukunst" for "Baukunst," are examples, taken from a single page, of Miss Gerard's remarkable German. George Keats is quoted as a friend and admirer of Angelica's; the name should, of course, be Keate. More serious is the apparent ignorance of the very names of some of the great masters. When Angelica bought two pictures at high prices, it is difficult, at the first moment, to understand what they were; for Titian masquerades as Titians, and Paris Bordone as Paris de Bourdon. Fra Angelice is an odd name for an old Tuscan painter. After this it seems merely comic to read—not once, but repeatedly—of "Cupid and Pysche." Why not "Pisk" at once?

But, although it is evident in every chapter of her book that Miss Gerard is not a student of art-history nor a sensitive press-corréctor, she might yet be capable of producing a sympathetic biography of the fascinating and unfortunate lady who is the subject of her volume. But we are forced to say that her style is in keeping with her scholarship. On her first page we read "that the all-sanctifying 'Von' has never graced the plebeian patronymic" of Kauffmann; and on her second, after a quotation from Gering, the author proceeds:—"This rather poetic flight to one side, it was certain," &c. It is constantly difficult to believe that we are reading a book originally composed in English, so awkward and so foreign are the constructions. When we add that the book has no method, that it speaks vaguely of new material without giving any references to the source or nature of such novelty, and that it is a rather flagrant example of the pseudo-pedantic or spurious-research monograph which the minuteness of modern inquiry has brought into fashion, it will be seen that but little can conscientiously be said in favour of this new Life of Angelica Kauffmann. Without disrespect to Miss Gerard, we must think that she has rather rashly undertaken a task which required other powers and accomplishments than hers, and we cannot but regret that a labour which it has

* *Angelica Kauffmann. A Biography.* By Frances A. Gerard. London: Ward & Downey.

evidently been very difficult for her to pursue did not prove impossible. The sentimental reader will do well to turn back once more to Mrs. Ritchie's charming romance of *Miss Angel*.

Yet *Miss Angel*, though founded on fact, is, after all, a fiction. We do not know why some one of delicate perceptions and fine literary skill should not, even now, prepare a biography of Angelica Kauffmann which should supersede Steinberg and Rossi. He should not, however, in our opinion, be an art-critic by profession, nor even one who is very intimately concerned in the history of art. We are growing, with our massing of facts and our passion for research, too indifferent to the value of the evolution of character in biography. In the case of the greatest men in each art the personal element is, no doubt, comparatively unimportant, and is often swallowed up in a consideration of the works. It is a positive good fortune that we know so little of the lives of Molière, of Shakspeare, and of Velasquez. No personality, however exquisite, could help seeming insignificant by the side of the masterpieces of these men. But when we descend lower in the scale of genius, we find artists the value of whose production has dwindled, or has even disappeared altogether, while their personal charm remains, and even increases. Among these Angelica Kauffmann takes a very high place, and the proper way, we conceive, to treat her figure in literature is to minimize emphatic reference to her pictures and decorations, while drawing more and more attention to the romance of her life and the problem of her extraordinary charm.

Recent art-criticism has been increasingly severe on the productions of Angelica. The fashion for portraits of the middle of the eighteenth century, which has extended and descended to those of Cotes and Hayman and Zoffany, has shown little sign of extending indulgence to the waxen images of Angelica. Yet, in her own age, she stood far above these men in popular repute, above Gainsborough, by the side of Reynolds. The great result of the Rushout sale was to produce astonishment at the enthusiasm of Mr. Bowles of Wanstead, and incredulity at the zeal of Alderman Boydell. If we persist in regarding Angelica as merely, or as mainly, the painter of these feebly-drawn "Damon and Musidoras," and "Cupid disarmed by Euphrosyne," we become unable to appreciate what manner of woman she was. It is a case for the ideologist. We have to detach our Angelica from a universal misconception of her *ego*.

The education of Angelica Kauffmann was elaborately artificial, and of the kind which ninety-nine times out of a hundred ends in woeful failure. The tactics adopted by her father were those of exciting the sensibilities at every point, and of training the hand and eye to follow the most recondite suggestion of the sensitive brain. The second, in all probability, prevented the ruin of the constitution by the first. All evidence goes to prove that the physical health and elasticity of Angelica were exceptional, and these enabled her to bear the mental strain of her childhood, but the constant hard work of hand and eye did its part too. The first of those remarkable scenes which rise to the memory in thinking of the career of Angelica is presented to us when we recollect that at the age of eleven, with the utmost gravity and the zeal of a professional painter, she had sitting after sitting for a finished portrait from the venerable Bishop of Como. Would that the prelate had left us some notes of the conversations which occupied these hours. Nearly sixty years later, aged and worn out with excess of emotion, "the Mother of the Arts" received young poets and philosophers in her Roman lodgings with the same tender gravity, the same delicate professional earnestness. Let us not think that we understand this rare and complex figure of a woman because we have looked at half a dozen of those mythological groups which served her hands instead of needlework. Her charm was in herself—in her complex simplicity, if we may use such a phrase, in the combination of innocence and ardour with which she threw herself into the full stream of the social and intellectual life of her time.

How did this charm of hers display itself? This is the problem which should arrest the attention of a biographer. She was scarcely beautiful, yet an age which mobbed the Gunnings in the Park was not less infatuated about this Swiss girl who painted portraits. Her portrait of herself is grotesquely ugly; it resembles nothing so much as one of the funny heads Mr. Flinders Petrie finds in Egyptian mummy-cases. But we have the noble rondo of Reynolds, and on this the student of the fascination of Angelica should ponder long. As we have said, it is scarcely beautiful, but it has the gifts that win passionate admiration and sympathy, extreme mobility and vivacity, a sweet wishfulness to please, a refined and gentle dignity, and, above all, the air of an elegant and attentive intelligence. Everything here is distinguished and yet amiable; a soul of uncommon sensitiveness sits at the lamplike eyes, and yet there is something familiar, something Swiss, which removes any suspi-

cion of priggishness. There is no trace here of the Muse or of the prophetess; all is instinct with womanly simplicity. This is the face of her who, at the age of forty-eight, was to enthrall the greatest intellect, and, perhaps, the most capricious fancy of the age, and to inspire one of the purest and tenderest of the friendships of Goethe.

Among the symbolical compositions which Angelica Kauffmann delighted in drawing, there was one which seems to have been her favourite, since she often repeated it. It represented, with various detail, a shepherd and shepherdess met by the side of a tomb in Arcadia, and weeping there in the shadow, while in close propinquity, behind the summer boughs, their fellows are dancing on the green sward. Ambition cut short, grief relieved by reflection, the joy of life resumed in spite of indignity and bereavement, the round of instinct, in short, etherealized by intelligence and sensibility—this was the ideal of Angelica. We cannot but suppose that in that daily conversation which delighted all who took part in it, which was not too high for hind and clown, which was not too girlish to stimulate Goethe and Herder, Reynolds and Garrick, Winckelmann and Klopstock, this ideal, unobtrusively sustained, was the animating spirit which inspired and directed all the "gifts of wit and ornaments of nature." It is said, and we love to believe it, that a young nobleman in the Guards went melancholy mad because Angelica refused to paint his portrait. This could not be merely blighted love or disappointed vanity. It must have been more than this; it must have been a sense of the gates of mercy closed, the possibilities of life extinguished. He, the semi-fabulous young guardsman, had staked for the esteem of Angelica, for the most distinguished thing that life could give, and had lost; the dregs of time were not worth draining.

EDUCATION, PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL.*

COMPANIONSHIP is not altogether a matter of choice, or a result of the community of ideas. A less homogeneous couple than the anonymous pamphlet on *Private Schools and Private Schoolmasters*, recently published by Messrs. Digby & Co., and Herbart's *Science of Education* and *Aesthetic Revelation of the World*, now first translated into English, and introduced by Mr. Oscar Browning, will not often fall before the eye of the general reader.

From margarine to metaphysics, from noteworthy observations on dietary and dormitory to the conception of a boy as standing "in the middle between Platonic ideas and noumenal existence," the gulf seems about as great as that between "Principal" and "Assistant" in the view of our pamphleteer; but it is bridged over; for, though "mind and matter," in the words of the lady with the wig in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "glide swift through the vortex of immensity," they have met here for a while.

Private Schools and Private Schoolmasters cannot be pronounced a pleasant piece of reading. A flavour of the revenge of private wrongs, real or imaginary, is too apt to suggest itself. It is a tremendous indictment, levelled at a large class, and doubtless supported by experience. Overdrawn as it may be here and there, its publication is not a matter for regret. In Secondary Education the ears of the British public are so stuffed with wool that little short of the roar of a general convulsion of the educational globe will penetrate them. Yet it may be hoped that readers, in addition to being numerous, will also be judicious enough to exclude from their condemnation some of those designated as "educated" and "semi-educated" Principals. The tertiary deposit of "uneducated" trainers of the young mind may be left to a merited fate. An ex-Minister of Education is quoted as saying that "the children of the working classes are treading upon the heels of the children of the middle classes." He is short of the truth. Boys from the Elementary Schools, with their set hands and closely-trained habits, contracted as the range of their information may be, are preferred for lower clerkships and mere counting-house work to the slipshod specimens from schools conducted by unqualified adventurers on no system but that of hoodwinking parents. Between two classes of office-stool, these hapless ones fall to the ground, beaten out of the field by boys from schools under some recognized government and supervision when better posts become vacant.

Yet we must not overlook one great cause for the existence of these anomalies, the unwillingness of many parents to entrust their children to the general companionship of the Elementary School. The complaint is not of what they learn in the school,

* *Private Schools and Private Schoolmasters*. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

The Science of Education. By Johann Friedrich Herbart. Translated by Henry M. and Emma Felkin. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

but of what they learn out of it. From nine to twelve is all very well, the next half-hour is the plague. This is especially true in the case of the girls, but it is not without force in the case of the boys, and in towns unprovided with a grammar school.

As we have no machinery for the training of the secondary teacher at present, it is hard to see how the work could at all go on without agencies, unsatisfactory as they are. There is no such thing as the "Scholastic Profession," except in the minds of unqualified "Principals." Degrees are tests of the possession of certain information, and nothing more. The very name *Preceptor* is enough to deter a man who has any of the old feeling in him from seeking union with an institution which has identified itself with that truly appalling title; and, indeed, those who are dignified with the letters M.C.P., L.C.P., F.C.P., apparently differ in nowise from their less exalted fellows.

What is a man to do, be he public or private schoolmaster, when he needs help? His acquaintance will not be likely to supply him. His scholastic neighbours will keep their good things to themselves. He is driven to the agent. Some of these people are tricky enough, but many a schoolmaster will be found to testify to the character of others, and many an assistant must know that without their intervention he might have been entirely without employment.

We pass over the educated and semi-educated Principals—both a trifle overdrawn—to prey on the garbage of the uneducated Principal. It is to be feared that he is not overdrawn, the resources of form and colouring being inadequate to the purpose. "Morally but little removed from the criminal classes" is a very strong expression to use about any one; but if this is true, there is no denying that "decency and common sense should combine to clear him out of the world with the utmost despatch." His *F.S.Sc.* (by the way, is the "Kensington" Society still in existence?), his prospectus, his "study," his espionage, and the details of laundry, dormitory, and dietary, are sketched with the vigour of genuine hatred. A Ministry which possesses a new broom, as Vice-President of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, in the shape of Mr. Arthur Acland, might turn his besom power to purpose in this direction.

The chapter on Teaching in Private Schools contains some strictures on examinations, from the tone of which some might imagine that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were in league with the College of Preceptors and the South Kensington authorities to strengthen the hands of ignorant and incapable teachers. Some exception, apparently, is taken to the action of the Cambridge Syndicate in granting certificates to candidates who know no mathematics, no language but their own, and no science. These certificates, be it remembered, are what they purport to be, and nothing more. If they are abolished, a step from the Elementary School to a higher position is gone. A ladder is incomplete without its lowest stave, and it is hardly fair on the lowest stave to blame it for its position. This is a specimen of the ill-guided redundant energy of the writer. He quotes the experience of a man who works largely for the Cambridge Local Examination to this effect, *inter alia*:—"In French and Latin I get up the set books, and then make a tremendous dash at irregularities in grammar; they always pay." Of course they do. Would he have examiners set the regular declensions and conjugations? He has "the utmost contempt" for the work in which he is engaged. It may be inquired why he goes on with it? On the whole, however, this pamphlet is useful by its very faults. It is hard to awaken a sleeping nation without using force a little in the wrong direction sometimes.

To turn to Herbart, his translators, and his patron, Mr. Oscar Browning, is like passing from the gross atmosphere of a dull day to the sublimest ether, so attenuated that ordinary life can with difficulty be sustained by it. Herbart is in a balloon, and those who travel with him must be prepared for aeronautic experiences. His translators evidently feel what a frightful job they have in hand to render him intelligible. His style, as they justly observe, presents many difficulties to the translator. When Dr. Johnson became restless under a piece of harpsichord playing, the mother of the young performer attempted to soothe him by telling him that the piece was difficult. "Madam," was the reply, "I could have wished it were impossible." He that will assert that this book is readable will be in danger of propagating a sense of his own want of appreciation of that essential quality of a book.

The preface is readable. There is a good deal about Mr. Browning; but that is inevitable, and not altogether undesirable. Fourteen pages of the concrete can well be endured before nearly three hundred of the abstract. It is a pity, however, that any more time should be wasted in recommending teachers to study Comenius or Rousseau. Does Mr. Browning use Comenius as a mere name, or is he actually acquainted with the pages of the

Orbis Sensualium Pictus, translated by the faithful Hoole? If so, will he seriously recommend teachers to study, for instance, Lessons XXXIV., XLVI., LVI., and LXXV.? They are verily object-lessons with a vengeance. From the first comes this piece of elegant Latinity:—

"Saltans Pulex, 9.
Pediculus, 10.
fetens Cimer, 11
mordent nos,"

the figures referring to those in the accompanying cut. There is no danger of dulness in following this notable example. The class-room will be in fits of laughter, of course; except, perchance, those boys who are "in the middle between Platonic ideas and noumenal existence," a species not known to be numerous at the present day.

Or, again, is it of the slightest use to set up Herbart as a model of teaching? "Greek was begun with boys from eight to ten years old by translating in their order Homer (the *Odyssey*), Herodotus, and Xenophon. . . . Generally, in the thirteenth year, or as soon as Caesar could be read fluently, Latin syntax was begun." To us the chief value of this arrangement would seem to be that it might be used as an example of *hysteron proteron*. It is not altogether extinct at the present day, after its kind. A Diocesan Inspector in Religious Knowledge found himself some years ago in a dame's school. He asked if the children could read the Bible, and was informed, in reply, that they would have finished it in three weeks, but at present they were only as far as *Thessalonians*. The mind of such a child would have been order itself compared with that of a hapless eight-year-old plunged into the *Odyssey*, to be followed by the Ionic forms in Herodotus, and so on. Accidence does not seem to have occurred to Herbart's mind as a necessary foundation for translation.

As to Herbart's psychological excursions, those that have a mind to take them are welcome to pay their fare and start when they will. We are staggered by finding on p. 95 that "the child enters the world without a will of its own"; but we recover slightly when an explanation is given that, "instead of a true will, there is only a wild impetuosity." He calls this truly "a principle of disorder, disturbing the plans of the adults and placing the future personality of the child itself in manifold dangers." Thus, as in other disputes, the difference does not appear to be so much as to the facts of the case, but as to the terminology which shall be adopted. No doubt that in this remarkable book there are many valuable thoughts and suggestions; but they are presented in a form which will practically repel all but an extremely limited number from considering them, and those that consider must be careful not to conclude rashly that they have grasped the author's concepts.

If it should be desired to test these Comenio-Herbartian ideas of teaching languages, the best course would be to set up such a school, and get Mr. Browning to make himself answerable for its management. And, should the publishers of Herbart's book find that its sale drags, which is within the limits of things possible, let them reprint Hoole's *Comenius*, woodcuts and all.

FORTIFICATION.*

IT is an extremely difficult matter to give any definite idea of the distinctive features which characterize modern fortification, and almost impossible to forecast the developments of the art which the future may have in store for us. Views, especially on the Continent, are so various and irreconcilable, such widely divergent conclusions are drawn from the self-same experiences, and preconceived prejudices are so obstinately cherished, that it will probably take some years ere anything like unanimity in expert opinion can be hoped for. In these pages Major Clarke has done much, at any rate, to clear the ground for discussion and place a broad issue before the public, and in doing so he deserves the thanks and approbation of all who appreciate principles more than technicalities, and would be guided by the exigencies of the moment rather than by the formalities of a text-book. Some portion of the work before us has already made its appearance in the "Proceedings" of the Royal Artillery Institution, and there attracted considerable attention. The remaining pages, which now for the first time make their appearance, will equally well repay perusal, and can hardly fail to influence our contemplated schemes of coast defence. In vigorous language Major Clarke, although sometimes there is, perhaps, a too pronounced flavour of polemic about his words, propounds

* *Fortification, its Past Achievements, Recent Developments, and Future Progress.* By Major G. Sydenham Clarke, C.M.G., R.E. London: John Murray.

liberal principles, and supports and illustrates his contentions with aptly-chosen examples from military history. He writes like a soldier for soldiers, and his practical common sense invests a subject usually redolent of repelling technicalities with an unexpected and refreshing attraction. If he asks us to forget some old friends and familiar traditions, he does so with a *bonhomie* and frankness that disarm our prejudices and suspicions. His range is wide. He tells us what has been done, what is doing, and what he hopes will be done, in perhaps the most exacting of military sciences, and he finally enlists our sympathies for coast defence, and shows us how to act, by exhibiting the strength and weakness of our most probable opponents. It is an agreeable surprise to find an expert thus lightly handling what has hitherto been the most empirical and technical of subjects. In England little has been written about fortification, and we have been content to take our views from the Continent. Thus it has probably come about that the influence of Vauban, the great French engineer, whose complicated and intricate system has had so vast a bearing on fortress construction throughout Europe, rules us from its urn up to this day, and modifies the lines even of our coast and harbour defences. At a time when fire effect was small, and mobility contemptible, armies clung to large towns for their supplies, and looked to high parapets and deep ditches to give them security. Lest such chasms might, serve as sanctuaries to the foe, flank defence became indispensable and to secure it traces became more and more complex. Musketry being still in its infancy, the columns of assault had to be detained under fire by all imaginary works and obstacles, and these in their turn required flank defence. Thus it came about that a sort of geometrical puzzle was evolved, and that tactics were forgotten in the elaboration of fascinating details. The pencil was mightier than the sword in the eyes of pedants, and mathematical niceties were more jealously regarded than the objects they were intended to effect. The cult flourishes in some places even now, and there are those to whom "undefended space" and problems of defilade are as the breath of life. Yet it may be demonstrated that the issue of war has never been decided by symmetrical designs or the skill of the mechanic. Horn works, crown works, tensillons, demi-tenailles, and all the rest of the jargon, never won victories.

Brisac, Mons, Lille, and Tournay, masterpieces though they were, had all to capitulate in their turn, and broad military principles in each case proved too strong for theory. Our sieges in the Peninsula point the same moral, and were decided like our battles by tactical considerations, by the intelligence of our general, and by the courage of those he led. The Russian experiences before Schumla and Silistria in 1829 tell the same tale, and the lesson should be particularly impressed on us by the story of Sebastopol. Such instances are not quoted to show that dockyards and arsenals are to be left without permanent defences. Todleben himself has recognized their value; but it is quite certain that, had he built them at Sebastopol, they would have differed very considerably from the stereotyped pattern of the day—that there would have been little masonry, and no contortions of trace. Since the Crimean War, however, many will contend that the situation is altogether altered by the introduction of rifled artillery, and that iron and steel must be opposed to the power of modern guns if the attack is not to have the advantage of the defence. The teaching of recent war appears, however, to point to an entirely opposite conclusion. The factors in the problem are undoubtedly altered. The development of the accurate curved fire of artillery, which is supposed to favour the attack, and the introduction of the magazine rifle and the machine-gun, which will, on the other hand, aid the defence, may be said to counterbalance one another. But a third factor, the use of railway communication, is likely to benefit the artillery defence enormously, and to more than place matters on an equality. The gallant resistance made by Vicksburg and Petersburg during the American war, and the prolonged siege of Paris in 1870, hardly seem to suggest decadence in the powers of the defence, while the earthworks round Plevna will remain lasting monuments to the containing power of the modern rifle, and the value of judiciously planned earthworks. In their most palmy days Vauban's costly conceptions never offered so obstinate a resistance as these improvised intrenchments, and what was then done by the Turks can be again accomplished.

Tactical principles and human nature do not alter as do armaments, and form the only secure basis on which systems of fortification can be built. The highly complicated structures of iron and cement which exercise the inventive ingenuity of foreign officers may be dismissed as hopelessly unpractical. Mobility is more valuable than complete protection, just as a Khakee coated skirmisher is more efficient than a man

in armour. A fortified place should be before all a suitable fighting position, and tactical should have precedence of all other considerations. Permanent enceintes must be for ever rejected, and their place taken by good road and railway communications. We no longer require towering redouts or monumental revetments, but the defenders should rely on infantry redouts with artillery posted outside supported by a field force, manning field works in the intervals between. These modern strongholds should be characterized by invisibility, low command, plenty of head cover within, and good obstacles or entanglements without. A full development of musketry fire and unimpeded interior communication should be especially aimed at, and finally a ceinture railway should connect the chain of works, and endow the guns with some of the mobility in which they have hitherto been deficient. Such briefly are the leading features of the system which Major Clarke would inculcate. So far we are entirely with him, and have ourselves pleaded for similar principles and designs. The doctrinaire is our aversion as much in war as in politics. But we may fairly ask Major Clarke whether the professor and his drawing-board at whom he girds with such "damnable iteration," not perhaps without just a suspicion of animus, is the really responsible offender in this case. Light comes from above. The reform must begin higher in the military hierarchy if all is to be as it should be in the future. The professor enlightens us, but with the reflected wisdom of mightier potentates, who move in higher spheres and are primarily responsible for the examination-papers and text-books which rouse our author's wrath; and if he wishes to do effective service he must attack the source of the Pierian spring.

The latter half of Major Clarke's book deals with questions of coast defence; and here his considerations are characterized by the same ability and largeness of grasp that illuminate the previous chapters. The superiority which fortifications have acquired over ships owing to the invention of the position-finder, and the disabilities that armour has imposed on the vessels is demonstrated by the incidents of actual warfare, and especially by those of the bombardment of Alexandria. We have not sufficient space to fully follow him here into all the ramifications of the subject; but, in general, the premisses he argues from are sound, and the conclusions he arrives at just. On the coast, as inland, works must be built so that the power of fire should have its fullest development, in the one case artillery fire being of the most importance, and in the other musketry, and when the first condition is satisfied as much protection as possible must be given. The means, too, should be adapted to the end. At distant stations, far away from a possible enemy's base, guns will never, while England holds command of the sea, be called upon to pierce plates as thick as in some situations more likely to be heavily assaulted. Above all, those of our artillery officers, who may be called upon to fight our coast-defences, should have a special knowledge of the nature of the targets they may have to fire at, and should be able to recognize the type of every foreign man of war. When, however, Major Clarke gives the preference to the Zalinski over all other torpedo systems he enters on more debatable ground. The Brennan, which can course a hostile ship, under complete control, from the shore almost as a greyhound does a hare, has a large circle of admirers, and its performances last summer at Hurst Castle were extremely gratifying. We must remind him, too, that the policy which prompts some of our Australasian colonies to arm their forts with more powerful guns than he thinks the circumstances of the case warrant, is a deliberate one, arrived at by them after mature consideration; and that the views of their statesmen, where they differ from his own, are not to be disposed of by a mere dogmatic assertion, however confidently pronounced.

Some very interesting diagrams, showing the angles of impact of projectiles, efficiently supplement the text; and several appendices, which summarize the results of a long list of sieges, and the effect of the German fire on some of the Paris forts, are extremely instructive, and close a work which we cordially welcome as a valuable addition to our military literature.

WATTS'S DICTIONARY OF CHEMISTRY.*

LESS than three years ago the second volume of this important work was reviewed in these pages, and, considering the enormous labour involved, it is most creditable to the editors that another contribution of 856 closely-printed double-

* *Watts's Dictionary of Chemistry*. Revised and entirely re-written by H. Forster Morley, M.A., D.Sc., Fellow of University College, London, Professor of Chemistry at Queen's College, London, and M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A., Fellow and Prosector in Chemistry of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, assisted by eminent Contributors. Vol. III. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1892.

column pages is already in the hands of chemists. No alteration in the plan of the work has been found necessary. A certain number of articles have been entrusted to special writers, no one of whom contributes more than two; but the mass of the work has been done by the editors, of whom Mr. Pattison Muir has, as before, taken the inorganic and Dr. Forster Morley the organic portions.

The work of the editors may conveniently be considered first. The utmost possible condensation has been practised throughout, and the free use of abbreviations has permitted the introduction of an enormous mass of numerical and other data, and of original references, which otherwise would have been impossible in the prescribed limits. Using a most wise discretion, the editors have throughout kept the book as a dictionary instead of a treatise. Except in a few rare instances none of the articles are what is commonly called readable. Facts and theories by thousands are presented in the briefest possible terms, and the result is that the student or worker in chemistry who seeks for information on special points will be more likely to find what he wants here than in any other work in the English language. It is true he will not be able to use the book until he has become acquainted with the contractions used in it, but the reference is materially assisted by a printed bookmarker, which can be inserted on the page consulted. As to the condensations, a fair example is afforded by the opening lines of Mr. Muir's article on Iodine. In mercy to the reader we will only quote a few of them:—

'I. At w. 126 53. Mol. w. 253.06 (v. *infra*) [113°—115°] (Stas); [114°—115°] (Ramsay a. Young, *C.J.*, 49,460): solidifies at 113°. (Regnault, *J.*, 1856.41); (200°) (Stas); (184.3°) at 760 mm. (R. a. Y. l.c.) Sublimes *in vacuo* without melting (L. Meyer, *B.* 8, 1627). S. G. 4.917 at 40.3°, 4.886 at 60°, 4.857 at 79.6°, 4.841 at 89.8°, 4.825 at 107°, 4.004 liquid at 107°, 3.866 liquid at 151°, 3.796 liquid at 170°; vol. increases for 1° by 000.235 (Billet, *J.*, 1855.46). V.D. c. 250°—1000°, 125—127; c. 1500°. (v. *Properties*, p. 10.)'

There is much more of the same character, and it will be generally admitted that it cannot be described as popular science, but the whole is intelligible without difficulty to every student, and if it were replaced by verbal description a very large space would be occupied. When the chemist turns to such an article it is generally because he wants to know the melting or boiling points, the specific gravities at various temperatures, the rate of expansion, or some other physical or chemical constant. It would be difficult to put more information on such points into an equal space. Mr. Muir's account of iodine from the inorganic standpoint is followed by a series of short and equally succinct articles by Dr. Morley on the organic compounds of the element, and the whole story may be taken as fairly representative of the care and skill with which the editors have done their work. Of the extent of Dr. Morley's labours some idea may be formed from the fact that the articles on methyl compounds, entirely compiled by him, extend over more than 150 pages.

We must now describe a few of the most important of the special articles contributed by outsiders, and it will be best to take them in alphabetical order.

Isomerism, by Professor Armstrong, an essay partly historical, partly descriptive, and partly critical, presents a clear view of the latest discoveries and suggestions in regard to that most complex problem of chemical science—the arrangement of atoms inside molecules. Constitutional formulae, or in other words the aggregations of chemical symbols, which represent the probable mode in which elementary atoms are grouped in molecules, were in partial use before the time of Kekulé, but that remarkable genius greatly extended their use, and his theory, now universally accepted, led to a revolution in organic chemistry. The great objection to such formulae is that they must be written on a plane surface, as though molecules had but two dimensions. Many chemists, and above all Van 't Hoff, have for years past been engaged in devising geometrical formulae by which three dimensions may be represented. It may some day be possible to introduce the dynamic idea also into structural formulae; and in that case our statement of chemical constitution will be complete up to a certain point.

Dr. Hutchinson has contributed the article on Isomorphism. It is interesting, but somewhat sketchy, and might have been improved by the introduction of a greater number of tables of isomorphous groups. Probably the limits of space prevented this.

One of the most important articles in the volume is that on Rare Metals, by Mr. Crookes, whose researches in this branch of science have contributed in a remarkable degree to the progress of scientific thought. The close resemblance, the almost identity of many of these metals, and the evidence, chiefly physical, by

which they are distinguished, are clearly explained, and few will be disposed to doubt the theory of the author, that some of them ought to be classed as quasi- or meta-elements. The hypothesis in its latest form is suggested in the following passage, which opens a vista of future research:—

'It may be safest to call these recently-observed bodies, not, as yet, elements, but quasi- or meta-elements. Our notions of a chemical element have been enlarged; hitherto the elemental molecule has been regarded as an aggregate of two or more atoms, and no account has been taken of the manner in which these atoms have been agglomerated. The structure of a chemical element is certainly more complicated than has hitherto been supposed. We may reasonably suspect that between the molecules which we are accustomed to deal with in chemical reactions, and the component or ultimate atoms, there may intervene sub-molecules, sub-aggregates of atoms or meta-elements, differing from each other according to the positions which they occupy in the very complex structures commonly known as didymium, yttrium, and the like.'

The next important article is that on Molecular Constitution of Bodies, contributed by Professor J. J. Thomson, in which the physical evidence derived from thermal effusion, thickness of solid and liquid films, diffusion, spectroscopy, electricity, and heat are discussed with mathematical illustration. As might have been expected, it is suggestive as well as useful. Mr. Shenstone's article on Ozone is somewhat marred by the absence of the latest discoveries in regard to this singular variety of oxygen. He does not describe the method by which it has been liquefied or the properties of the pure substance, sky-blue both as liquid and gas, nor its very remarkable formation during the action of fluorine on water. Probably the last fact had not been published when the article was written. In other respects the author, whose researches on ozone are well known, has done his work well.

As might have been expected, a somewhat lengthy article on the Periodic Law is included in the volume. It is written by Mr. Douglas Carnegie, and is clear and tolerably exhaustive. In 1864 Newlands showed that the elements, when placed in the order of their atomic weights, exhibited a certain periodicity, and could, to some extent, be arranged in groups of seven. He described this great discovery as the "Law of Octaves." Five years later Mendeléeff confirmed and extended this law, and it is now to inorganic chemistry almost what the law of gravitation is to physics.

When the final volume of this great Dictionary is completed we trust that the editors will be able to confer one more boon upon their readers. References to original authorities throughout the volumes are most ample; but in very few cases is it possible for the student to ascertain the dates of discoveries. It might surely be easy to give a table showing the year in which the volumes quoted appeared. At present the dates cannot be found without difficulty. For example, we are referred to the "*Philosophical Magazine* (4), 50, 651," and, not unnaturally, wonder when the discovery or observation was made.

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.*

THAT society in Russia was "rotten before it was ripe" is a truth which has been known for more than a hundred years; but we were not quite prepared for the horrible picture of social corruption and depravity which is presented for our scrutiny in these pages. This rottenness is with scarcely a doubt due to the forcing process to which the social system was subjected by the hasty innovations of Peter the Great; and it must be confessed that the contention of a certain school in Russia that the reforms of that monarch were, on the whole, disadvantageous, if not disastrous, to the Empire, is not without a certain justification. Since his reign down to that of Nicholas, an identical policy has been consistently followed by the Czars; internal prosperity has been sacrificed to external grandeur and commanding influence abroad. His son made a new departure, and set before himself the gigantic task of introducing constitutional government, but paid for his humanity with his life. This catastrophe naturally occasioned a complete reversal of his policy, so that the nation has had ample cause to rue the baleful activity of its self-constituted champions, the Nihilists. The present Czar, repudiating alike the ideas of Peter the Great, Western civilization, and the liberalism of his father, has reverted to the retrograde policy of Nicholas, who strove to keep Russia

* *Russian Characteristics.* By E. B. Lanin. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1892.

hermetically sealed against the influences of modern enlightenment and culture.

But with what sort of result? If a tith of the allegations put forward in this book are well founded, the state of Russian society resembles that which Gibbon depicts as disgracing the latter days of the Roman Empire. The race is swiftly degenerating, both morally and physically, and thus there is little fear that the Russian people will ever be the "heirs" of the British nation, as the author appears to apprehend. Yet, if the reader will examine the pages of Mr. Mackenzie Wallace's *Russia*, written about fifteen years ago—that is to say, towards the close of the reign of Alexander II.—he will find nothing to inform him that the ethics of modern Russia are on a par with those of Sodom and Gomorrah. And the late Czar pronounced this very book to be the best that was ever written, or could be written, about his country; though none have been more aware of the defects of the Russian people than their rulers. In fact, it nearly exhausts the subject to which it was devoted. The apathy and fatalistic flabbiness which characterize the Russian peasant are indicated, also the absence of that energetic industry and spirit of order and economy which distinguishes his Teutonic neighbour. But these defects may justly be imputed to the communal system of land tenure, which precludes all motives for individual effort. Assuming, therefore, that Mr. Lanin's account of Russian society accords with facts, it is manifest that, during the present reign, the symptoms of acute and alarming disease have shown themselves in the body politic, which, unless miraculously healed, prognosticate nothing less than dissolution at no very remote date. Now, this state of things, we infer, must have been caused by the reactionary policy of the present Czar's Government, since it did not exist during his father's reign; and the question, therefore, naturally suggests itself how far this book is exaggerated and based on facts carefully selected to heap opprobrium on an object of aversion. Mr. Wallace, in treating of serfdom, purposely abstained from representing its "occasional monstrous manifestations," in the belief that "the criminal annals of a country fail to give a fair representation of its real condition"; and a tremendous indictment may be framed against a government by a judicious collation of revolting incidents. Again, there may be a deep substratum of fact which may yet be notably enlarged by an ardent imagination and the implacable fury of the goosequill, set free from restraint. Such, we strongly suspect, is the general character of the essays now under consideration.

Were we to attach implicit credence to this "indictment of a nation," there is not a single virtue to which Russia can lay claim. He is a liar, a drunkard, a sluggard, a thief. The Czar's Government is accused of deliberately brutalizing its subjects with drink, in order to stupefy them into acquiescence with the actual state of things, and thus stave off national bankruptcy and revolution; and cases are adduced where grog-shops have been forced upon village communities which had "locally opted" for their exclusion. In certain instances we may estimate the strain of exaggeration which doubtless pervades this work. "Half the soldiers in a regiment," writes the author, "lie down drunk in the ditches while on a march against the enemy." Now is it reasonable to suppose that a Government which finds the greatest difficulty in feeding its armies in the field would burden its transport system with liquor sufficient to intoxicate half of them on any given occasion? If Russian soldiers disperse to such an extent on the battlefield, the phenomenon is due, as it was in the Franco-German war, to quite another military crime than drunkenness. If a writer chooses to indulge in wild statements of this sort, his readers are certainly justified in largely discounting his other statements. His complaints as to the regulations for obtaining theatre-tickets, and the abuses of the passport system, are scarcely better founded, at any rate as far as a foreigner is concerned. It is everywhere difficult to get tickets for a really popular play; in Russia one has, in such a case, to apply to a theatre Board, which is apt to vouchsafe a supercilious reply. In London, where individual enterprise is more developed, one avoids this kind of rebuff by applying to Messrs. Mitchell, or some other well-known caterer for the public convenience. As regards passports, both in the last and the present reign, the tourist meets hardly more annoyance in Russia than elsewhere on the Continent. It is possible, however, that the experiences of suspected natives may be different. The truth appears to be that Russia is now in a state of transition and ferment. No one can foresee what the future will eventually bring forth.

OLD HALLS OF THE HIGH PEAK.*

THE picturesque district of the High Peak is dotted over with old halls that were once the abode of families of repute and distinction. Their glory, in too many cases, has departed. "The pathetic interest of these buildings lies in their reception-rooms having been converted into sculleries, their drawing-rooms into dairies, their private chapels into cowsheds." To describe accurately these relics of the domestic architecture of the past, and to record the history of the families who once dwelt in them, was a worthy ambition for a local archaeologist; but the present volume does not precisely fulfil the hopes that might reasonably be entertained. It is a handsome book, and Mr. Tilley—for the modest reserve of the initials on the title-page scarcely conceals the secret of the authorship—has spent much labour over his self-appointed task. He has intense local patriotism, and suspects the historians and archeologists of a conspiracy to defraud Derbyshire of its just meed of praise as the birthplace of notable people. "No county," he declares, "has been so sadly fleeced of its honours as Derbyshire. Men whose homesteads are yet standing, whose memorabilia are so much of the nation's history, have had the orthography of their names altered to make them Frenchmen, or are said to be natives of Lancashire, Cheshire, or Notts. And yet forsooth, such reprehensible inaccuracy has been recapitulated again and again without exciting indignation or comment." This spirit of "reprehensible inaccuracy" seems to be catching, for in the first sentence of his introduction Mr. Tilley quotes without dissent the claim made by Philip Kynder, that "Bradford ye crowned Martyr y' cutt ye triple crowne and rent the Roman pale asunder" was of Derbyshire birth. Yet it is tolerably notorious that the "first Protestant martyr" was a Manchester man. Mr. Tilley should not endorse the conduct he condemns so strongly even upon suspicion. "Among the physicians of Charles II. was Sir Edward Greaves, Bart., but the Ulster King-at-Arms has ignored him. Bah! he sprang from a Derbyshire house, no one will criticize the omission." Genealogists and heralds will do well to work now in fear and trembling, for the vigilant eye of J. T. is upon them. Speaking of Snitterton Hall, he says, "Here is an old edifice that echoed with shouts whilst yet the King of the Peak was living at Haddon; the homestead of cavaliers who fought at Edgehill and Naseby; the rooms in which gathered the Dakeyns, Cowleys, Needhams, Brownes, Wendesleys, and Sacheverells; where Sir Aston [Cockayne] quoted his own epigrams over his wine; and it is neglected and forgotten. But not intentionally. Oh, no! It is the fault of those compilers who tell us of Stratas of which they know little; of Flora, of which they know less; of Fauna, of which they know nothing." A critic as stern as this would find ample room for animadversion in Mr. Tilley's own pages.

The glories of Chatsworth and the picturesque beauties of Haddon are not to be exhausted in slight articles, and it is in the description of places not so well known that the value of Mr. Tilley's book consists. At Holme Hall Henry Bradshaw found his bride; and if his brother John, as seems likely enough, visited there also, then its walls have sheltered at one time the future judge of the "great Stanley" and the future judge of Charles I. On the tomb of a nephew of Bradshaw's bride is an inscription adapted from the best-known words of Menander. This Mr. Tilley oddly calls "a beautiful Christian legend." In the account of the Saviles of the Greaves we are told:—"It is not beneath remark that it was one of the Saviles who wrote the once famous ditty 'Sally in Our Alley.' It would be difficult to imagine a time when 'Sally in Our Alley' had ceased to be famous, and Henry Carey's left-handed connexion with the Saviles is at all events not very creditable to that noble family. Ashford Rookery was the residence of a squire whose claim to immortality is that he sat for hours on horseback drinking beer until he was intoxicated. Little Longstone Manor House was occupied by a young lady who 'combed her hair for a coronet'! Thomas Longsdon was mortally wounded in 1658, and his fall was witnessed by his wife, who placed herself at the head of his company and defeated the Royalists. Within a fortnight of this display of martial spirit 'Captain Bess' was a widow and a mother. Of Colonel Bagshawe, of Ford Hall, we are told that "he was in the East when Lawrence and Clive were laying the foundation of our Indian Empire, and, but for ill-health, would, no doubt, have shared in the victory of Plassey"—a chronological as well as a military feat.

There is a notice of the curious will made in 1616 by Peter Columbell, who left his goods to his son Roger on condition that he refrained from smoking. The heir was to forfeit his property

* *The Old Halls, Manors, and Families of Derbyshire.* By J. T. Vol. I. The High Peak Hundred. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Buxton: G. F. Wardley.

if caught with a pipe in his mouth by either his brother or sister. Roger had married, against her father's will, a Sacheverell of Radcliffe-on-Soar, and the lands which should have been hers went to her cousin, Sir William Hutchinson; but he, to use Mr. Tilley's phrase, "had scruples about the receipt thereof, and so split the difference." Why Arthur Dakyns, who sprang from the Chelmorton branch of the family, adopted his extraordinary motto of "Stryke Dakyns, the Devil's in the Hemp" is a puzzle not easy of solution. Another historical puzzle is due to Mr. Tilley, who tells us that Challoner witnessed the execution of Garlick and Ludlam. As Challoner was not born until 1691, his presence at Derby in 1588 is a remarkable circumstance. "About this time" (that is, about 1593) "there was a dignitary in the Church named William Barlow, who had five daughters whom he married to five bishops, which fact may not be known to everybody. Of course he is spoken of as of Chorlton; but we feel positive that research will establish the fact that the memorabilia of the Derbyshire Barlows have never been placed to their credit." On this it may be remarked that the father of the young ladies who proved so attractive to the episcopal bench is said to have been a native of Essex, and is not claimed as a member of the Chorlton family. Why does not our author undertake the researches which he so frequently declares will be crowned with success? In the account of Wormhill there is not the slightest reference to the fact that Brindley the great engineer was born in the parish, although a memorial of him stands not far from the hall.

Mr. Tilley has had so fine an opportunity that it is a pity he has not made more of it. Of the illustrations, the heraldic are the most important, as the pictures of the halls are on too small a scale to be of much service. One of the appendices is devoted to a "synopsis of High Peak dignities," from which it appears that this district claims four Barons of the Exchequer, twenty-one Knights of the Garter, three bishops, ten admirals, eight Lord Mayors, forty-seven authors, six physicians, two consuls, ninety-six sheriffs, and 108 knights of the shire. The defects of style, and the small but irritating inaccuracies of Mr. Tilley, need not prevent us from recognizing his book as a storehouse of antiquarian gossip that should prove pleasant reading amid the hills and dales of Derbyshire.

CHOICE FERNS.*

THIS huge and unwieldy quarto opens with a phrase so delicious that it is worthy of quotation. "The sole object of the Author," it says, "as well as of the Publisher, in bringing out this new book on Ferns, is to render these most interesting plants attractive." Altruism was never carried further; but we wish the self-denying pair of public benefactors had set about their philanthropic duties in a spirit of greater simplicity. The book is like a fragment of a gigantic florist's catalogue, and we miss the sobriety which should mark a publication of this kind. What purpose, too, can be served by the excessive bulk of the volume we cannot tell. The present instalment of 666 pages is alphabetically arranged, and yet only comes down to "Athyrium." At this rate *The Book of Choice Ferns* should ultimately vie in size with *The Dictionary of National Biography* or *The Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The author, whose preface is throughout of a charming naïveté, points the reader to the illustrations of his book, and remarks that it is "hardly possible to imagine anything more satisfactory." We are sorry to disturb such a graceful optimism, but we cannot agree with him here. The illustrations are what is rudely called "a scratch lot." By the side of faint antiquities we find brilliantly coloured oleographs, possibly brought from a similar source, but certainly ill made, if made at all, for this *Book of Choice Ferns*. The proof is that they do not fit into its pages, like the plate of *Asplenium bulbiferum*, opposite p. 508, which has had to be cropped, not merely at the top, but at the side. Others, and it is these which seem to awaken Mr. Schneider's wildest approbation, are photographs reproduced after some cheap and nasty fashion; these do occasionally, it is true, give the general forms of the ferns, but they do it at the sacrifice of all that is beautiful and delicate, while in other instances these "photo-processes" result in a mere horrid smudge, like the "Corner of a Fernery," opposite p. 368, which might be a cascade, or a Red Indian, or a Peruvian feather-mantle, but is not recognizably a scene in a fern-house.

If this enormous manual of ferns is to be prosecuted in a manner which can possibly be approved of, the author and publisher must be more fastidious. So far as the letterpress is concerned, although it is deformed by a great deal of verbiage and many

platitudes, the author seems to be master of his subject; but we do not understand the principle of his selection. He should have limited himself to fewer species, or else have striven to be exhaustive. As it is, he falls between the popular and the scientific.

THE DESCENT OF CHARLOTTE COMPTON.*

THE full title of this small but pretentious book tells us that it relates to a lady who bore the almost impossible title of "Baroness Ferrers de Chartley," as well as that of Baroness Compton, and that she was "daughter of James Compton, fifth Earl of Northampton, and Elizabeth Shirley," who, according to the same document, bore the still more impossible title of "Baroness F. de Chartley." The author is described as "her great-granddaughter." The family of Compton is of considerable antiquity, and may be reckoned genealogically high up in the third rank of the Warwickshire gentry. Its fortune was made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by its representative eloping with a city heiress. Previously the Comptons had been squires, living on their own estate or farm of Wyniates, or Wingates, one of whom had the good luck in his youth to act as "whipping boy" to the future Henry VIII. Shirley is particular to add to his rather partial notice of them in *Noble and Gentlemen* (p. 265) that they "were pre-eminently distinguished for their loyalty"—a description which is for thoughts. The Comptons took to antiquarian patronage for a time, and one Marquess of Northampton, not otherwise remarkable, was head of the Archaeological Institute. In 1716 the Lord Compton of that day married Elizabeth Shirley, the granddaughter of Robert, first Earl Ferrers, who had been summoned to Parliament in the old barony of Ferrers. The barony had been held by the Devereux family and was one of the minor titles of Robert, Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite. Lady Dorothy Devereux, his daughter, married Sir Henry Shirley, and carried the barony to her descendants, one of whom, as we have seen, was Lady Compton. Her daughter, the sole heiress of herself and of Lord Compton, inherited a long list of baronies or coheirships to baronies, including Ferrers, Bourchier, Lovaine, Basset, and Compton; but it is doubtful whether the Crown ever acknowledged her right to any except the first and last. She took her baronies into the Townshend family, and they are now in abeyance among her descendants. It will be seen at a glance that Charlotte, Lady Ferrers and Compton, reckoned a wide range of remarkable people among her ancestors. A book on these people might be made extremely interesting. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and his son, the Parliamentary general, were men of note. The first married Sydney's widow, Walsingham's daughter. Sir Henry Shirley, the husband of Lady Dorothy, was great-grandson of Surrey the poet. The first Lord Compton married Frances Hastings, great-granddaughter of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, "the last of the Plantagenets." There were Clifords, Nevills, Percies, Beauchamps, Greys, and Mowbrays in the pedigree, which, in fact, comprised the best names of the old families that were extinguished in the Wars of the Roses. In competent hands their history would be not only entertaining, but useful.

It cannot be asserted that the author of the volume before us has succeeded in a difficult task. This is partly owing to the style in which it is written. The very first sentence in the book will serve as an example:—"Amongst the pictures of the past, one, whilst tracing these outlines, recurs again and again to memory," &c. We need not continue. What does this sentence mean? A picture recurs to memory. It traces these outlines. Analysed like this, the sentence, so far, has no meaning. Nor does a meaning come in when it is pursued further. We have "a gory string of human heads" to finish it, and we are told in the next paragraph that "something analogous is the impression given by the great ancestral structure before us." This "ancestral structure" appears by the next sentence to be "the gates of York," whereon the head of somebody's father is suspended, and then, in a separate paragraph, we have this brief but blood-curdling catechism:—

"Where then is the counter spell?—possibly in the awe-struck memories of childhood."

Page after page of this kind of thing becomes very monotonous, the more so as the text is swelled by a great array of footnotes telling us that the author is quoting from the Psalms, Max Müller, Shakespeare, Scott, Pope, the *Quarterly Review*, Waagen, Tennyson, and Guizot.

When we get to the body of the book we find it consists of a series of separate studies. Robert Clifford, killed at Bannock-

* *The Book of Choice Ferns.* By George Schneider. Vol. I. London: L. Upcott Gill.

* *The Descent of Charlotte Compton.* By Isabella G. C. Clifford. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

burn, the poet Surrey, Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, beheaded in 1397 (a long quotation apparently from Dallaway, but here we are left in some doubt); Robert Devereux and Spencer Compton are successively brought on the stage, and the volume concludes with some very tall writing, from which we extract a sentence relating apparently to the death of Charles I., but we cannot feel sure:—

‘The great-great-grandson of Henry Tudor (Henry VII.) stands upon the scaffold, in the place wrested by his sacrilegious son (Henry VIII.) within sight, on the river’s brink, of the fatal mound of Tower Hill, whence the usurper “rose up to go down” and possess himself of the coveted inheritance.’

At “place” there is a footnote referring to York House, at “usurper” one to “Hallam’s ‘Middle Ages’ and ‘Constitutional History of England,’” and at “inheritance” to “*i. Book of Kings.*” The volume ends with a quotation of some length from Jeremiah, and then a curious fact comes to light. Charlotte, “Baroness Ferrers de Chartley,” never comes in at all. The book bears her name; it is adorned with her arms and coronet; it has her portrait—but she herself is never mentioned.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR GEORGE GREY.*

SIR GEORGE GREY’S connexion with the history of our Colonial Empire has been exactly contemporaneous with the reign of Queen Victoria; and it is claimed for the living subject of this biography that he shares with the Queen alone the rare distinction of having been during the whole of that period ceaselessly and intimately connected with the progress and development of the Colonies, always interested in their welfare, and occupying, almost without intermission, positions of trust and responsibility in relation to them. The record of such a life could not fail to be of great interest to the increasing number of those who recognize that the history of Britain during the last fifty years has been made mostly outside these islands, and largely in those vast territories of the Empire occupied by what are now comprehensively called the self-governing Colonies. Sir George Grey’s, moreover, is a striking personality. Largely gifted by nature with the qualities that make men great, and possessed of personal characteristics at once amiable and commanding, such a man, once embarked upon a public career, was destined to play a conspicuous part in the world, and to leave deep marks upon the political history of his times. With such material at hand it was impossible for any writer to fail altogether in producing a book of some interest; and the volume before us do unquestionably contain a good deal of matter that is both interesting and new. But to reflect upon the potentialities that lay in the subject is to regret that the task of dealing with it was not entrusted to different hands. As book-makers the authors lack literary skill and judgment, while as biographers they are of those who think it necessary to put down as rogue or fool everybody whom they find opposed to the opinions or policy of their hero. The book, it must be remembered, is an example of that most pernicious form of biography—one written by other hands during the lifetime, and with the assistance of, the subject of it. As regards the composition of the work it suffers, as so many of its class do, from want of compression. The inevitable “early years” section, it must be admitted, is cut commendably short. But throughout the book are chapters—such, for example, as those which deal with Prince Alfred’s visit to the Cape during Sir George Grey’s second term of office there, and others containing letters from native chiefs, and a good many other people, of very little interest or importance, set out at length—such chapters, and there are many such, should not occupy more than a fifth of the space allotted to them. The chapters, too, criticizing the Colonial Office are rather rambling and inconsequent; while a long one among them, comparing the personal and political characteristics of two Colonial Secretaries—Lords Grey and Carnarvon—though the subject would have been a suitable one for treatment by Sir George Grey himself in an autobiographical memoir, becomes an impertinence in a book like the present. There are not a few instances of a tone of cant and self-righteousness in the authors’ style. Sir George Grey himself, indeed (like a still more famous political protagonist nearer home, to whom in many respects he bears a striking resemblance), does not appear to have been altogether free from a tendency to claim for his views and policy the peculiar and personal approval of the Divine Ruler of the universe. While it would be unfair to attribute to Sir George Grey himself all the extravagant assumption

of his own infallibility made for him by his biographers, or to associate him wholly with the partisan spirit observable in connexion with some questions of New Zealand politics, it is at least unfortunate that he should, by the part he has avowedly taken in the preparation of this work, have laid himself open to imputations of this nature.

The story of Sir George Grey’s career as a Colonial Governor is one of bold and vigorous administration, of large political ideas fearlessly put into execution, of solid and far-seeing, if sometimes too heroic, acts of constructive statesmanship. But, as told in these pages, the story is also largely polemical, being in fact a studied vindication of the hero’s policy at all the points of his official career that gave rise to opposition and controversy—and they were many—a comprehensive *apology* for his political life. Sir George Grey was eminently and essentially a pioneer of Imperial rule. He was one of those men cut out by nature to make the crooked ways straight and the rough places smooth. Literally a soldier born and bred, his explorations and early political employment in Western Australia marked him out as the fit instrument for the pacification and organization, with dictatorial authority, of the rough and turbulent elements that go to make up communities of colonial settlers in the early stages of their growth into civil societies. At the age of twenty-eight he found himself the Governor of South Australia, at that time (1840) the youngest separate colony in the Empire. The work that he did there, the order that he brought out of chaos, the prosperity that he substituted for depression and despair, justified the selection of the Colonial Office; and thenceforward, wherever there was disorder and confusion and strife, Grey was the man to be sent to put things right. But he was something more than a soldier-statesman, able to reduce lawless mobs to order and obedience. His were no dictatorial methods, though he wielded in these early stages a dictator’s power. He was a pacifier by conciliation, not by force of arms. He used his troops more for road-making than fighting. His personal sway over native races was phenomenal. And as the English communities under his rule became law-abiding and prosperous, he displayed a resourcefulness and a faculty almost amounting to genius for initiating and developing the means and instruments of progressive civilization—schools, hospitals, libraries, and suchlike institutions of all kinds. He bestowed his own fine library upon the people of Cape Colony. But he had his limitations, and they were very clearly marked. As the autocrat of a benevolent despotism he stood unsurpassed. But this form of government was by no means the goal of his aspirations for any people. On the contrary, he was ever the champion of constitutional methods based on the broadest theories of democratic ascendancy. When he was Governor of New Zealand he took upon himself to suspend the operation of the Constitution Act sent out from Downing Street because he deemed it not sufficiently popular in its form. This action of his exemplifies what has just been said. He could not work under the trammels imposed from above by official superiors; nor, enthusiast as he was in theory for the freest forms of constitutional government, was he capable of himself brooking the restrictions from below placed upon a constitutional governor. Hence he was continually in hot water with the authorities at home, though it must be said that he more than once succeeded in justifying himself both before the Government and the public in England, and created strong revulsions of feeling in his favour. And hence, too, when he went back to New Zealand to administer the more popular form of constitutional government he had succeeded in winning for the colony, he chafed under a position in which he felt himself impeded, harassed, and thwarted by a Parliament and Ministers under whose advice alone he could act. He was, in fact, “too strong” a man to be practicable in any position but one of absolute autocracy. But though, again, in South Africa, his contempt for official restraints and conventions brought him there too into frequent collision with the Government at home, the same splendid audacity, that feared no responsibility however tremendous, allowed him to dare one of those great master-strokes of State that make or save empires. Upon the outbreak of the Sepoy Mutiny he, upon his own sole responsibility, not only denuded Cape Colony of troops and horses and materials of war to send to India, but intercepted for the same purpose troops from England on their way to China. It is claimed by the authors, with much circumstantiality, that it was this diversion of a portion of his force that gave the cue to Lord Elgin to return with the troops already with him in the China seas to Calcutta. But it has been pointed out on irrefragable authority that Lord Elgin’s resolution to return was taken a month before, and that he had actually reached Calcutta by the time that the other troops left the Cape. The act was in each case spontaneous and independent. This does not detract

* *Life and Times of Sir George Grey, K.C.B.* By William Rees and L. Rees. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1892.

from the signal merit due to Sir George Grey ; but it reflects the reverse of merit on his biographers.

Of the later years of Sir George Grey's life, spent at first in retirement at his beautiful island home in New Zealand, so often and so rapturously described by travellers who have visited him there and come away fascinated alike with the charms of the place and with the delicate and gracious attention of one of the kindest and courtliest of men ; and of the years since he came out into the world again and threw himself into the turmoil of politics as a member of Parliament, and some time Premier of the colony he had first ruled, and again reigned over without ruling as Governor—of these years there is less to say ; and, in truth, he would have left a greater reputation behind him if, as in another notable instance that will occur to everybody, he had been able to keep himself in the retirement he had once courted. That such a man, at such an age (he was then sixty-two), and with such a record behind him, should prove successful as a member of a colonial Parliament was an impossibility. Lord Carnarvon, who was (it is hardly too strong to say) his lifelong enemy at the Colonial Office, once said that Grey was a "dangerous man" ; and, though we are far from holding that Lord Carnarvon was always right and Sir George Grey always wrong in the frequent and acute differences that arose between them at almost every point of colonial policy and administration at which they touched, we fear it must be allowed that the latest phases of Sir George Grey's life go far to justify Lord Carnarvon's estimate. His ultra-democratic tendencies, the germs of which were always traceable, developed with age to the verge of social and political license. It is said that he was at one period of his career promised the Governor-Generalship of Canada, and some people thought him a possible Viceroy of India. In addition to his general democratic proclivities, he had a strong instinctive sympathy with inferior races, which enabled him to win their affection, and was of great value in the case of the poor savage peoples of New Zealand and South Africa. But the idea of placing supreme power in India in the hands of a man combining with these characteristics great capacity and strength of character is a thought to shudder at. Grey would have been a strong and capable Ripon. What mischief his latest political views were capable of doing among men of English race in Australia he has done. His craze for elective colonial governors, in the support of which he stood virtually alone in the Federal Convention that met in Sydney in 1891, may, from want of general sympathy, be comparatively harmless. But it is as the instigator of one of the most unwarrantable and unscrupulous "Labour movements" that has yet been seen outside the great and good democracy of the United States that Sir George Grey's capacity for mischief has been shown. At the conclusion of the Convention he made a kind of triumphal progress through the colonies of the Australian mainland, speaking to enthusiastic crowds in support of the claims of Labour in general and of the "Labour party" in the various colonies in particular, disseminating, with the weight of his authority, dangerous political doctrine, and sowing the seeds of social and political evils that have borne their first fruit in the reckless and purposeless strikes that are spreading disaster throughout Australia. A disappointed man, of autocratic temper and with a firm belief in his own infallibility and the possession of a divine right to rule, Sir George Grey resembles Mr. Gladstone in these, as in some other and better personal characteristics, as well as in the craving for popularity, and, to a less degree, in the recklessness of his political conduct in seeking it, that mark his extreme old age. In one respect the comparison is politically altogether in Grey's favour. He was, and is, a thoroughgoing Imperialist, and (Ireland apart, as to which he was misled by the colonial analogy) believed intensely in the value of maintaining the integrity of the Empire, to some extent even anticipating the views of the Imperial Federationists. An interesting conversation is recorded, in which the whole question was discussed by Sir George Grey, the Duke of Argyll, Lord John Russell, Lord Macaulay, Mr. Gladstone, and others. The Imperial views of the majority found but little favour with Mr. Gladstone, "the whole leaning of whose mind," it is said, "appeared to be an apprehension of the too great extension of the Empire."

SCOTTISH GENEALOGIES.*

OLD Nisbet is so well known among heraldic students that this volume of his plates cannot but be welcome. The editor thinks they were originally intended for an edition of his

* *Alexander Nisbet's Heraldic Plates.* Edinburgh : George Waterston & Sons. 1892.

Genealogical Chart of the Royal Family of Great Britain. By Rev. Robert Logan. Edinburgh : Macniven & Wallace.

System of Heraldry, but do not appear to have ever been published. So far as we can tell without Mr. Ross's help, the prints which form the chief part of the book have been copied by some photographic process from old impressions of poor engravings. Nisbet's engraver was not much of an artist at the best ; and, if we might hazard a conjecture, it is that these "plates," as Mr. Ross calls them—meaning, we suppose, prints—were rejected by Nisbet as too bad even for him. There is a copy of the *Heraldry* in the British Museum which belonged to Home of Eccles in 1723, and he has written his name on the title-page. In this copy there is a very poor engraving of a figure in armour bearing the shield of Home. Why Mr. Ross should include it in the series to which he says himself it does not belong we cannot imagine. Some small shields at the end are illustrations of *Cadency* which do not occur in Nisbet's book, it is but too easy to see why. One plate contains some curiosities of foreign heraldry, and Mr. Woodward, the most accomplished of Scottish heralds, has been called in to describe and assign them. Some of them would have rejoiced the heart of Thackeray ; for instance, "Von Halldarmansteten (Suabia) Tierced in pairle reversed, argent or and azure."

The *Genealogical Chart* compiled by Mr. Logan may be very useful, in spite of its enormous size. The chart seems really trustworthy, and we have tested it severely. It has its faults, but they are not those of carelessness. It is the more strange that the introduction contains several slips, some of them serious. In one paragraph "the direct lineal descent from the Conqueror" is made to run through Richard II. and Mary, both of whom were childless, as well as Elizabeth and Cardinal York, both of whom died unmarried. Some of the notes are, however, very curious. James I. was an ancestor of every King and Emperor and nearly every prince now reigning in Europe. According to Mr. Logan the representative both of the old Scottish Kings and the Kings of Wessex is the Duke of Parma ; while James I. is represented by Princess Maria of Bavaria.

Both these handsome volumes hail from Scotland, and we must congratulate their producers on the good taste and, indeed, beauty of their typography. The *Nisbet* volume is issued in an edition limited to one hundred and forty-five copies, and as it contains, in addition to the prints of arms, carefully compiled pedigrees, brought down to the present day, of the families whose arms are represented, it is very certain shortly to become scarce.

STAFFORDSHIRE HISTORY.*

WE gladly notice the punctual appearance of another volume of the William Salt Archaeological Society's *Collections for a History of Staffordshire*. It begins with a continuation of the extracts from the Plea Rolls, translated by Major-General the Hon. G. Wrottesley, who carries his work from 16 to 33 Edward III. His translations are, as usual, clear and precise, and his notes few and to the point. One of them refers to the continued use of compurgation in the case of denial of a summons ; another is appended to a plea of villainage brought by the attorney of Sir Hugh de Wrottesley against two sisters who had withdrawn themselves from his manor. This suit occurs from time to time until the eve of the outbreak of the Great Plague, when, as the editor observes, many suits were dropped ; indeed, but few of those that were in Court before Michaelmas Term, 23 Edward III., are to be found later on. In looking through the extracts our attention was caught by the suit of a widow against the Vicar of Colwyth for forcibly taking her cow, worth forty shillings. The vicar answered that no force had been used, and that the cow had been delivered to him by the executors of the woman's husband, and was due to him as "the best animal," *nomine principalis*. The case went to a jury, with what result we do not know. Many of the extracts throw light on manorial customs, descents of manors, and questions of genealogy. One of another kind relates the attempt of a notorious cattle-stealer to save his neck by turning approver and bearing false witness against two innocent persons. When he was confronted with the men whom he had accused, he declared that he had been forced to accuse them by the sub-warden of Stafford Gaol, who had, he said, inflicted divers hardships upon him, "putting him on the ground naked, and keeping him without food." A jury was satisfied that the gaoler had done nothing of the sort, and the man was hanged. We next have two series of *Pedes Finium*, Fines of mixed counties, including manors in Staffordshire, and Staffordshire Fines, the first series being edited by General Wrottesley, the second by Mr. W. Boyd.

* *Collections for a History of Staffordshire.* Edited by the William Salt Archaeological Society. Vol. XII. London : Harrison & Sons.

The volume receives special distinction from its fourth section, which consists of the often-quoted "Chetwyndorium Stemma," or "Chetwynd Chartulary," compiled by the well-known antiquary, Walter Chetwynd of Ingestre, in 1690, and now printed for the first time. General Wrottesley, to whom Staffordshire archaeology owes so much, has contributed an Introduction to the Chartulary, in which he gives us a history of the Staffordshire Chetwynds down to the reign of Henry VII., together with a short account of the Myttons, a marriage with the heiress of the Myttons having been the foundation of the fortunes of the Chetwynds of Ingestre. The first of these Myttons, one Eudo de Mutton, held in 1166, as is recorded in the *Liber Niger*, two-thirds of a knight's fee of Robert FitzRalph, the head of the house of Standon, and, General Wrottesley believes, a near kinsman of his tenant, Eudo. This Eudo ended his days as a canon of the Augustinian Priory of St. Thomas the Martyr, at Stafford, founded by Gerard FitzBrien of Stafford, who probably belonged to the house of Standon. Two of Eudo's grandsons—Adam, who succeeded to the fief, and his brother—were benefactors of the priory in the reign of Henry III. Although Adam's son died in his minority, he left an infant daughter and heiress, named Isabella, who married Philip, a cadet of the house of Chetwynd of Chetwynd in Shropshire, and from this marriage came the Chetwynds of Ingestre. The eldest son of Philip and Isabella, another Philip, married another Isabella, who, after her husband's death, was presented by a Stafford jury at a special assize in 1324 as maintaining a large body of armed men and causing a disturbance of the King's peace. She and her son, a third Philip, belonged to the Lancastrian party. About this Philip there is in the Chartulary a quaintly told story, written in English, recording how he and his brother Roger and a certain John de Freford, married the three daughters of "old Sir Rauf of Grendon by on Johanne that was cosyn to a Bishop of Bath"—namely, Robert Burnell, the Chancellor—and being "alle couraçous men and wilifull," conspired together to cheat their brother-in-law, Robert of Grendon, "bot a soft and esy man," of his inheritance. Robert "enformed the gode Duc Henry [of Lancaster] hou thit he should thus wrongwisely be disherited, and besought of hym lordshyp and help, and he graunted hym, and then Duc Henry rode and put them owt." In the next reign the Chetwynds did their share of service in the French wars; one was at the relief of Hennebon, another fought at Crecy, and a third followed first the Earl of Huntingdon and later John of Gaunt. Like many other landholders at that time of war and pestilence, the lords of Ingestre were for a while at least impoverished by rights of dower. When we find that at the accession of William de Chetwynd to the family estate in 1349 "no less than three widows of previous lords of Ingestre were dowered from his patrimony," we can easily understand how it was that for some years he served as an esquire; his annual rent was no doubt less than 40*l.* a year, and he would not, therefore, be compelled to receive the burdensome honour of knighthood. Early in the next century matters were even worse, for the fifth Philip de Chetwynd found his estate burdened with the dowers of four widows; he, however, retrieved the fortune of the family by his marriage with Helen, widow of Lord Ferrers of Chartley. The last document but one in the Chartulary is the petition of Alice, widow of William Chetwynd, to Henry VII., complaining that her husband had been treacherously slain by the order of Sir Humphrey Stanley, sheriff of the county. In General Wrottesley's notice of this murder the sheriff is said to have been Sir Humphrey Stafford. As, however, he tells us that the murder took place in 1494, the misprint must be in the General's excellent introduction, and not in the transcript of the document; for in the list of sheriffs given in Shaw's *History of Staffordshire* Sir Humphrey Stanley appears as the sheriff for that year. The volume ends with a paper by the Rev. the Hon. George Bridgeman, correcting, by the help of original records lately printed, several errors in the *History of the Parish of Blymhill* that appeared in the first and second volumes of the Society's publications.

had been made over the "Church of Islam" in Liverpool. After all, there is nothing alarming nor surprising in the existence of this little fraternity of English disciples of the Prophet. For centuries past there have been such converts—they used to be called renegades by our plain-spoken fathers—and Mr. Pool, as a student of history, must be well acquainted with the fact. Yet, although he rightly estimates the fuss made by sensational newspapers, Mr. Pool deals with the Liverpool Institute with portentous seriousness, and has done his best, all in the way of good intention, no doubt, to magnify what is a very small matter. However, the present volume, with its expository chapters on the doctrines of the Koran, and its careful comparative view of Islam and Christianity, is not likely to add a single member to the English community of Islam in Liverpool. But is not Mr. Pool a little hasty in asserting that "Islam, the world over, is a lost cause"? In Africa, at least, according to some excellent authorities, the cause is still gaining ground.

A more thorough and more practical book of manual instruction we have not seen than Mr. S. Barter's treatise on *Woodwork* (Whittaker & Co.), with a preface by Mr. George Ricks. In the hands of teachers especially this volume must prove extremely valuable. It comprises a brief yet excellent introduction to the subject, and sections, illustrated by admirable woodcuts, devoted to Drawing, Timber, Tools, and Bench Work, the last of which is a complete course of instruction in the form of a series of exercises, every phase of manual operation being clearly explained and further exemplified by photographic drawings of the operator at work.

Mrs. Walford's skill in delineating young people is happily revealed in *The One Good Guest* (Longmans & Co.), and in this respect the story ranks with the best of the lighter examples of fiction of this accomplished writer. But we have known several stories of Mrs. Walford's that are far more engrossing and of a more ingenious design. In fact, as to plan and development, *The One Good Guest* is a trifle thin and disappointing.

To certain translated examples of M. Zola's short stories—*The Attack on the Mill; and other Sketches* (Heinemann)—Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes a thoughtful and judicious essay on the *Contes à Ninon* and the rest of M. Zola's diversions from the more characteristic and elaborate style of fiction exemplified in the Rougon-Macquart series. English readers of *La Débâcle* may now compare the lesser with the greater, these war sketches of "The Attack on the Mill" and "Three Wars" with the former work in the light of Mr. Gosse's interesting essay. One chief defect of M. Zola's short stories, which degrades for them a much lower place in art than those of several of his contemporaries—e.g. Maupassant—is very clearly indicated by Mr. Gosse in his admirable remarks on the "fault of mechanical construction."

Those who scorn a fairy-tale, and ask with childlike eagerness "Is it true?" will find a story to their mind in *Had I but Known*, by Ella Fordyce (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) "This short story," observes "Edna Lyall" in the preface, "bases its claim to be read on the fact that it is strictly true." Of all possible claims, it occurs to us that this is the least convincing. The story that is true is not necessarily the story that must be read, or is of necessity readable and alive with actuality. However, this present "actual life-story," though absolutely devoid of artistic merit, is not uninteresting nor unreadable. But a practised story-teller would have made something vastly more attractive of the material.

Very slight materials are manipulated to an artistic end in Esmé Stuart's *Virginia's Husband* (Innes & Co.), which is a story based on that productive theme the *mariage de convenance* as it obtains in France. The final device by which the victims of convention discover that they are in no sense martyrs is perhaps somewhat artificial and improbable, but the story nevertheless holds the reader interested and speculative to the very end.

Rachel Reno, by William Earley (Digby, Long, & Co.), is a romance of a wild and distempered type. It is a story of Wales in the days of "Rebecca," when turnpikes fell by night. The Rebeccaites are headed by "a too apparent leader," whose features are said to be "decisive as a Ludwig." Another is described as "sedate as Schleiermacher"; another is "penetrating as a Radetsky"; a fourth you might have taken for "Vittoria Alfieri." The simple, yet expressive, "watchword" of this secret Society was "Hist." The villain has a "Latin" accomplice, of wondrous speech, who, when urged to commit murder, declines by observing, "Non, non, occido. Non kill him, beat him, non more. Non; feared of neck, don't mind 'bracelets'; jail (carter), but noose—'laqueus nexilis,' non, non." The speech of this scrupulous scoundrel is even less gay and foolish than the deeds of the stupendous villain of this excruciatingly silly book.

"Thirty Cornish Authors" are represented in the slim volume of *Poems of Cornwall*, edited by W. Herbert Thomas (Penzance:

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IF Mr. J. J. Pool's *Studies in Mohammedanism* (Constable & Co.) had not been "respectfully dedicated to Islam in England," the general reader would still have found Mr. Pool's account of Islam in England sufficiently curious. Indeed, he could hardly have missed its significance in a series of sketches of the history and teaching of Islam, even without the finger-post of the dedication. We confess we were not aware that a "world-wide fuse," which Mr. Pool thinks is altogether beyond its deserts,

Rodda), and most of them are living, and we assume writing. Who would have thought the old county had so many poets? The portraits of eighteen Cornish bards are grouped in the frontispiece, and brief biographical notes on the authors enlighten the curious reader, who may be pleased to learn that Mr. Hosken has "astonished the world by his Greek dramas." On one of these "Greek" dramas Mr. William Cock, regardless of rhyme, writes:—

Awake! O Cornubia! rouse thy slumberous frame!
Tell Albion's sons thou hast a mighty bard!
Make thou a way for his melodious strain
Whose song-wrapt soul the mystic muse doth guard.

There is more patriotism than poetry in Mr. Cock's lay. Even the miners are disappointing, and produce nothing racy of the soil; while the rest, with one or two exceptions at the most, achieve nothing more notable than verse of the artless album order of the era of "L. E. L." or Miss Geraldine Jewsbury.

Love for an Hour is Love for Ever, by Amelia E. Barr (Hutchinson & Co.), is a tedious and over-spun story of parted lovers, who, however, do not grow broken-hearted, for all their thwarted hopes. Francesca, an impulsive and romantic damsel, is deserted by her Lancelot on highly conscientious grounds. He cannot marry her, he deems, because he understands that his mother was either insane or had murdered his father by withholding the necessary medicaments from him in his last illness. So he disappears from the scene without a trace of his journeying. But the ardent Francesca, with certain hopeful friends, seeks him, and finds him in Mexico, the scene of previous and more pleasing stories by Mrs. Barr.

The Old Maid's Sweetheart, by Alan St. Aubyn (Chatto & Windus), is a simple and pretty story of the contrary course of love and the inevitable complexities, which are, in this instance, of the kind tolerably familiar to novel-readers. There is, indeed, nothing new or striking in Mr. St. Aubyn's treatment of an old theme. The charm of the story lies in the effective use of familiar material.

Mr. Charles Colton's *Richard Savage*, a play (Watts & Co.), must be pronounced a less moving work than Johnson's *Life of the poet*, since it altogether wants the force and intensity of tragedy. Dramatic form it has, but not dramatic vitality. There is, indeed, a note of true pathos in the final scene in Bristol gaol, when the unhappy poet realizes his degradation, and owns to the fair Cressid who would console him that his genius had departed, and all he wrote "was of the intellect." But, by admitting that poetry was not of the intellect, he spoke as a poet still. Yet when he observes, somewhat obscurely,

Partly play,
And in part fate, have quenched the holy light;
I am no poet now.

the faithful Cressid replies "Happy you die," instead of urging the comfortable doctrine "once a poet, always a poet."

Socialism Tested by Facts, by M. D. O'Brien (Liberty and Property Defence League), deals with Fabian essays, *Looking Backward*, and other writings of the kind—of which most people are heartily wearied—at considerable length, with excellent directness, and perhaps with too great seriousness.

We have also received *The Two Epistles of Clement to the Corinthians*, with Polycarp's "Epistle to the Philippians," translated, with notes, by Horace E. Hall, M.A., "Christian Classics" series (Religious Tract Society); *The Vicar of Christ*, by Father William Humphrey (Art and Book Co.); *The Little Martyr of Prague*, by Father Joseph Stillman, translated by M. C. E. (Art and Book Co.), the story of the martyrdom of a Jewish boy convert to Christianity by certain Jews, founded on a MS. letter preserved at Stonyhurst; the fifth annual *Report* of the National Association for the Promotion of Technical and Secondary Education; *Posy Rings*, an interesting Royal Institution address, by Dr. John Evans, on a very fruitful antiquarian subject; *A Message to Earth* (Lamb & Co.), issued in conjunction with writings recognized by the Esoteric Christian Union; Shakespeare's *Henry V*, edited with notes by W. Barry (Blackie & Son); and Part I. of a new *Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), edited by Dr. Francis Brown, assisted by Dr. S. R. Driver and Dr. C. A. Briggs, based on Robinson's translation of Gesenius.

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